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FORTY WITNESSES.

COVERING

THE WHOLE RANGE OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Rev. S. OLIN GARRISON, M.A.,
EDITOR,
(Author *Probationer's Hand-Book.*)

INTRODUCTION BY BISHOP C. D. FOSS, LL.D.

17
1712

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be WITNESSES *unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."*

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TO THE

ALUMNI AND STUDENTS

OF

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

AND TO THE

YOUNGER MINISTRY OF THE GENERAL CHURCH,

TO WHOM ARE

CHIEFLY COMMITTED THE MOMENTOUS SPIRITUAL AND ETHICAL
PROBLEMS OF THE NEXT QUARTER CENTURY,

THIS VOLUME OF EARNEST TESTIMONY

IS MOST

Respectfully Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE object of this volume is not to set forth a doctrine, but to reveal a life. While it is recognized that all life must have a concrete expression, nevertheless, the book, when carefully read, will show the difficulty of uniformity in doctrinal statement, and, perhaps, the utter impossibility of the most devout minds agreeing upon the terminology and marks of deeper religious experiences especially. And yet the editor hopes that he has gathered into a convenient and compact shape data which will furnish some capable pen the material from which to write a truer philosophy of Christian experience than has yet appeared.

Among the purposes of the book are: (1) models of discriminating statements of experience; (2) checks to extravagance in religious language; (3) cautions against professing obtainments before they are reached; (4) to show the easy possibility of losing the very highest graces, and (5) the wisdom of frank and open confession of serious lapses.

Sincerity is of more value than maintaining a doctrine. Pride is often thrust into souls easily ambitious for a doctrine, or profession, or mode of statement. What is more seductive than pride of opinion, and what more rigid than the vain-glorious

maintenance of a position once gained, or thought to be gained? These "witnesses" show how easy it must be for weaker minds to mistake their experiences; how few, perhaps, have a broad view of what it means to be "perfect in love," and how many, in all probability, lapse very frequently from even the highest state of grace.

Moreover, the book will teach the folly, for any reason, of giving up seeking and preaching a state of grace plainly set forth in the Word, and logically demanded by every system of religion that strongly appeals to the intellect of the race.

Furthermore, the collective volume is unconsciously at war with bigotry and exclusiveness of doctrinal statement; it especially teaches, "between the lines," charity toward the opinions and expressions of all men; it recognizes that men are often better and truer than their statements, and also that men, very blunt and exact in definition, often succeed in winning souls, not so much because of their nice discriminations, as they may suppose, but in spite of them, and by virtue of their real goodness and downright earnestness. Few men ever clearly analyze, if indeed it be possible, the true secret of success in themselves or others. There is always large room for the influence of unconscious environments.

And yet, while the book teaches charity, the editor will regret exceedingly if his grouping of witnesses shall, in this age of excessive liberalism, tend to take any rigidity out of the back-bone of a spiritual church. Let no one be discouraged, but sweetly hold fast that whereunto he has attained;

be not afraid to investigate the reasons for the hope he has within him; reconstruct his spiritual building, if need be, and push upward until he domes in the perfection of love, the perfection of faith, the perfection of hope—a divine trinity in human experience—which the Scriptures clearly promise in this life.

While the book has not been made all that was intended, nevertheless it will be found scriptural, rich in clear statements, abounding in exact discriminations, and replete with sound sense, all of which will magnify its value and tend to promote the piety of the Church. Nearly all the "witnesses" are over fifty years of age, and some are past eighty. To encourage the children one little girl is admitted to the witness stand, a delicate and often dangerous thing to do before such an audience, but this unique experience could hardly be rejected. The reader will notice how many were converted in childhood or youth. It is also of interest to study the relation of epochs in the narration of experiences.

The witnesses were asked to write out of their hearts, and without an eye upon their dogmas or theology. Each one was asked to give a plain, straight-forward story, chiefly of the inner life, and without adornment. The following is an extract from a circular sent to them by the editor.

"Knowing with what relish people listen to the narration of personal experience, and with what zest thoughtful people read intelligent and discriminating accounts of the inner life, I have thought it wise to gather into a small compass testimonies to salvation from sin. The accounts of Christian

experience in the religious press are not only ephemeral, but incomplete and inadequate. They seldom arrest the attention of the thoughtful. The very few attempts to meet this demand in book or pamphlet form have, so far as I have been able to learn, failed of their purpose largely, and, I venture to think, for apparent reasons. Such books and pamphlets have admitted argument, controversy, 'peculiar views,' or dreams and other matter, generally of doubtful expediency; verbosity and religious cant have been indulged, together with other irrelevant matter. Moreover, there have been allowed the testimonies of witnesses immature, and incompetent, by reason of inability to correctly analyze and accurately express the phenomena of their experiences. It is my design to secure the testimonies of ripe, capable witnesses, living and dead, and, as far as possible, throw them against the theoretical and practical infidelity of the age. Recognizing, however, that the charm of all spiritual biography has ever been a complete salvation, and also remembering that every philosophy should be judged by its best exponents, I have chosen those witnesses whom I have understood to believe the Scriptures promise 'perfect love,' or 'holiness' or a 'second experience' (as Miss Havergal calls it), and who also believe themselves at some time to have had this higher experience. I have it in mind to prevent, as far as may be, premature and superficial testimony, and to help correct and root out delusions and snares, as well as remove from the main vision all that is non-essential, irrelevant and dangerous to the doctrine and life of purity.

"In seeking testimony I therefore respectfully ask you to be careful, as a witness, to give very briefly the errors made in seeking salvation, mistakes, if any, in deciding when the work of regeneration and sanctification were respectively believed to be finished, and also a very true account of your experience in becoming established in holiness. I would, however, give all room for the personal direction of the Spirit in writing testimony. I do not question the divine unity which will appear in the apparent diversity of reports from holy people. A cast-iron uniformity is not desired. My earnest hope is to make the book an enduring spiritual classic in the literary clearness and strength of its testimonies, braced as well by the purity and power of the lives of the witnesses themselves.

EPITOME.

"(1.) A brief account of your conversion, giving the dates and places of your physical and spiritual births. State whether your conversion was instantaneous or gradual, clear or dim, calm or demonstrative.

"(2.) An account of your regenerate life; your experience with the 'carnal mind.'

"(3.) An account of your sanctification, or 'second experience,' stating whether it was gradual or instantaneous, quiet or emotional, whether you mistook earlier blessings for the completed work.

"(4.) A full, but concise account of your life of sanctification, your lapses, the causes thereof, the frequency perhaps, the difficulties and triumphs in becoming established in holiness. It seems to me

there is great need of candid testimony at this point. Evident, open-faced, not too discreet frankness is always a great power in testimony. Who can read or hear the painful, tearful witness of 'a broken and contrite heart' without that melting sense of kinship which draws us closer to each other and to our sympathetic High Priest? God has not deemed it wise to cloak the evil deeds of Noah, David, Peter.

"(5.) No argument, exhortation or controversy.

"(6.) Give full dates throughout if possible.

"The book is not to be denominational. It is to be simply an apostolic experience meeting on paper. Witnesses will be sought from every Church. The Church and the world are certainly making a sad blunder when, as Dr. Daniel Steele suggests, they listen 'more attentively to the speculations of theorizers than to the declarations of witnesses attesting that Jesus is a complete Saviour.'"

EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *March* 5, 1888.

INTRODUCTION.

BY BISHOP FOSS.

GOD'S way of making any truth mighty is by incarnating it. In order to reveal himself to men and angels "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory." To all eternity the truth will stand that "no man hath seen nor can see" the Almighty Father. The sole manifestation of him to any created being will always be through the God-man, "in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

Man is the great revelation of God. All honor to "God's word written;" but the practically decisive revelation of God to the individual sinner is not usually through the Bible, but through some "living epistle." The greatest truths in the Bible have been thrown down before men millions of times, and have been only as "pearls before swine,"

until quickened souls have picked them up, been transformed by them, and held them forth before the astonished gaze of men, gleaming with divine luster.

Of this truth the entire history of the Church affords no more striking illustration than the life of John Wesley. His fifteen years of legal bondage and earnest search were immensely valuable for the purpose of getting a great truth, long firmly held in a clear head, deeply imbedded in a hot heart. When, at the age of thirty-six, he felt his "heart strangely warmed," Methodism was born, and the way to heaven became plainer to all succeeding generations. His subsequent experience and teaching concerning "perfect love" brought in a new era for yearning, struggling, doubting disciples; and the twin evangels of *salvation now*, and of *salvation from all sin*, sounded out more clearly than ever before, not only through all the branches of the Church he founded, but throughout all evangelical Christendom.

The great convincing proof of Christ's messiahship must always be in substance the same. He himself states it thus: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are

cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." After this he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." Those "greater works" can be none other than the spiritual miracles of raising and transforming dead souls; and such miracles God has wrought by his modern apostles as truly as he healed the sick and raised the dead by the original twelve. Transformed lives, "new creatures," triumphant experiences, Saul-Pauls—these must in every age be the incontestable evidences of Christianity. Against such demonstration no form of skepticism, whether dug out of the rubbish of the past, or (if that be possible) born of some new development of Satanic genius, can possibly make permanent headway.

Lyman Beecher once said—I am sure of the thought and almost of the exact words—"A heart on fire with the love of God is the greatest created power in the universe." But in order to such power the heart must not only feel that love, but be hot with it. Millions of church members on the dead level of dry orthodoxy and decent ceremonial observances and worldly living have less power than one man with a great idea burning in the core

of his heart—a Daniel, a Paul, a Luther, or a Judson.

"Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord. The Church, which is Christ's body, has a testimony to offer concerning its Head and also concerning the life which continually flows from the head into all the members.

This book is a summary of such testimony from the lives of "Forty Witnesses," witnesses representing courses of life and ecclesiastical stand-points exceedingly diverse; some having "a genius for godliness," and others furnishing material about as intractable as grace has ever conquered and transformed. It is highly instructive, then, to behold them all gathering round the world's Redeemer and with united voices proclaiming him "mighty to save," to "save to the uttermost," and "able to succor them that are tempted."

The freshness, frankness, individuality, variety, and generally undogmatic character of these experiences will, I am sure, make them practically helpful to many a dissatisfied and longing believer, and will, I think, have also a certain philosophic value, not, indeed, in settling the vexed questions relating to the theological definition of "the higher life," but in strongly emphasizing the truth that such

questions are altogether secondary to the possession of that life itself; and that

> "The love of God is broader
> Than the measure of man's mind."

Go forth, ye "Forty Witnesses." Pursue your shining way until it leads into the streets of gold. And God grant that your Beulah songs may quicken the steps of many a footsore pilgrim and help to augment the number of that triumphant multitude who shall stand before the throne of God, having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

CYRUS D. FOSS.

June 14, 1888.

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FORTY WITNESSES.

PART FIRST.

I.

DOUGAN CLARK, M.D.

(FRIEND.)

I WAS born in Randolph County, North Carolina, on the 17th of 5th month (May), 1828. I was educated at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, at which institution I graduated in 1852. I took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in 1861, and practiced my profession for about fifteen years. Since 1866 my residence has been at Richmond, Indiana.

My parents were both ministers in the Society of Friends. I had accordingly a birthright membership in that Church. I was carefully and tenderly brought up, and taught that I must fear the Lord and keep his commandments. The Scriptures were daily read in our family, and I soon learned to read and enjoy them for myself. The parental discipline which I received was strict, but kind and loving. I was to a great extent shielded from the temptations

to gross sins to which many young people are exposed. I was from my very infancy a regular attender upon public worship, and in my earliest years I enjoyed hearing good preaching.

The chief things inculcated in the teaching and preaching of those days—I mean half a century ago, so far as the Friend's Church was concerned—were to mind and obey the light of God's Holy Spirit shining into the heart; to be moral and upright and honest and truthful and good; to do what duty required, and to obey God; and thus to work out salvation with fear and trembling.

It is true that Christ crucified was often spoken of as the sinner's hope of acceptance with God; but the fact that the Spirit always testifies of Christ and draws men to him was too much lost sight of, and the necessity of an immediate and definite conversion was not clearly insisted upon.

I cannot point to the time when converting grace first reached my soul. I am quite sure that it was in very early life. I am certain that there were occasions every now and then, during my boyhood and youth and early manhood, when my soul was filled with the love of God; when I was contrite before him; when my peace flowed as a river, and when I enjoyed what I now believe to have been the witness of the Spirit to my adoption and sonship.

A man can be alive even if he does not know when his birthday was, and so we may have the un-

mistakable signs of spiritual life without, in all cases, being able to point to the moment or the day when such life began. It is not so important to know the *time* as the *fact* of our conversion. But notwithstanding these things are so, yet I want to add right here that I do consider a definite, conscious conversion—to which the individual can point in all his subsequent life as the day of his birth into God's kingdom—to be an inestimable blessing and a glorious privilege. And where people are rightly instructed such conversions will be the rule, and any other kind the rare exception.

Until I had reached middle life my Christian experience was very unsteady and unsatisfactory. God was wonderfully good to me; but the carnal mind was very strong and ever struggling against the movings of the Spirit. So I was up and down, one day on the house-top, the next in the cellar; sinning and repenting, backsliding and returning; at times growing in grace and at times almost losing my faith and my hope. I was a Christian, but not a healthy one. Still, upon the whole, I can say, to the glory of Jesus my Saviour, that during those years, by his grace, I did make considerable progress in the divine life. The old man—the strong man—was mostly kept in bonds. The struggle was often severe and protracted; but when I trusted in Jesus he gave me the victory.

When I was about thirty years of age my atten-

tion was first called, distinctively and intelligibly, to the subject of holiness as an actual, obtainable experience. This was from a perusal of the *Interior Life*, by the Late Professor Upham.

But it required many years for me to grasp the subject experimentally and practically. I made consecrations again and again—written and verbal—but somehow they did not stand the test. I struggled and prayed, and often got the victory; but I was not delivered.

When nearly forty years of age I began to speak, not infrequently, in Friends' meetings as a minister. I only felt just call enough to justify me in opening my mouth; and, without deciding whether the Lord really intended to make a minister of me or not, I thought it safest to attend to present openings and opportunities to speak for Him as they occurred. It was comparatively only a short time before my monthly meeting gave its official sanction to my ministry by "recording" me as a minister of the Gospel. And still I was interested in the subject of holiness, and still I was desiring it, and still I was *not* enjoying it.

At length, in the 12th month (December), 1871, while attending a series of meetings at a Friends' church in Ohio, in which Brother David B. Updegraff was taking part, and acting under his advice, I arose in a large assembly and stated my sense of my own unworthiness and weakness; but that relying

wholly upon Christ I did there and then reckon myself dead indeed unto him and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord.

I had now committed myself publicly. While I knew that I could not make myself dead to sin I felt as if the responsibility was now laid upon Jesus. What I *reckoned* in faith he could make real and true. There was no very marked feeling for several hours. I held on by faith to my confession. Then came peace—full, quiet, calm; not rapture, nor ecstasy, but "All the silent heaven of love;" and this continued almost without intermission during my waking hours for several weeks.

Now, what did I get?

Answer: 1. A clean heart; I was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and my heart was purified by faith.

2. Perfect love.

3. The endowment of power; for whatever spiritual power I have been possessed of since, either for winning sinners to Christ or bringing believers to entire sanctification by consecration and faith in Jesus, I date it from that blessed day and hour.

How has it been with me since?

There have been failures on my part, but God has kept me wonderfully. There have been great and exceedingly subtle temptations—angel-of-light temptations—but Jesus has carried me through. There have been great trials and fearful sorrows, greater, I believe, than the average Christian, or

even the average holiness man, is called upon to endure; but Jesus sustains and keeps and consoles. There has been a good deal of blessed service for him, both in preaching and writing, and a good many souls testify to having been blessed and brought into the light and experience of holiness through my instrumentality—with pen or tongue. I wish the number was manifold greater, as it might have been if I had been wholly the Lord's from my youth; but I can rejoice now when others preach and write better than I, and are the means of gathering in hundreds where I bring units.

And on this 19th of February, 1887, I do still testify that by the grace of God I am reckoning myself dead to sin; and I have a sure confidence that *now* the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin, and that I have received, and now have, the gift of the Holy Ghost. Praise the Lord!

D. CLARK.

RICHMOND, IND., *Second Month, Nineteenth Day,* 1887.

II.

DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF.

(FRIEND.)

I WAS born near Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the 23d of August, 1830. I cannot doubt that I was solemnly given to God from my birth by pious parents. My infant lips were taught to pray, and when I said,

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

I really expected him to do it. My young heart was not a stranger to the gracious visitations of the Spirit of God, and was often melted by the power of his love. But as I grew up I grew in sinfulness and in rebellion against God. Though mercifully preserved from many sins of a gross and disgraceful character, I was often in great distress of soul because of those I did commit. At such times I would earnestly repent in secret and cry unto God for mercy. Many covenants were thus made and often, though not always, broken. The covenants, prayers, restraints and instructions of faithful parents were not lost upon me. After being settled in life I renewed my covenants with God, and sought to do right because it was right. I was a birthright-member of the Church and was "zealous toward

God according to the perfect manner of the law of my fathers." I certainly did "fear the Lord," and was a "*servant*" under the law that "*gendereth to bondage*" for many years. But I had not "received the adoption of a *son*." In March, 1864, I made this full discovery. The *Gospel* of God came to me with great power. I met the test of public confession of sins and my need of the Saviour. It was a hard struggle, for I was proud and stubborn; but I was determined to yield myself to God, and *did* it. My spiritual conflict was somewhat protracted, but it came to an end in the silent watches of the night, and I had "peace with God." His Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was his child. I was at once a glad and willing witness to the reality of justification by faith and the birth of the Spirit. I loved to tell of the power of Jesus to save and of the gladness he had put into my heart. But, first neglect, then disobedience, then waywardness interfered with my Christian life. Chastening and suffering from the hand of the Lord was followed by restoration of soul. Then a more conscious and definite consecration of my *service* to the blessed Saviour. I had longed to see God glorified in the salvation of souls and the enlargement of the Church. Some years had passed since I had found the liberty of the sons of God; but I saw that few were being brought into the kingdom. To be sure, I was only a business man, and utterly averse to

the idea of being a minister. I greatly desired to serve both God and men, but in a quiet and unobtrusive way. The Church was laying a little work upon me, from which I shrank with a deep sense of unfitness. I *felt* it far more than I could understand it. But as the Lord opened the door I stepped in, and soon began to learn what real loyalty to God was to cost, and that if led by the Spirit of God, and according to his word, reproaches and other like blessings, promised by the Saviour, would become a reality. I had always regarded these rather as a consequence of blunders made by people who could not manage to keep out of them. There were a good many people who gave me trouble; but as I learned more of myself I discovered one "old man" who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was a member of my "own household." "His deeds" had been put off, and truly there was "no condemnation," yet when "I would do good" he was present with me. And he was there to "war against the law of my mind," with a resolute purpose to "bring me into captivity to the law of sin." If he succeeded even partially I was humbled and grieved, and if he did not I was in distress with fear lest he might. The Lord taught me by some special providences, and I began to understand more clearly how that "the law was weak through the flesh." I hated pride, ambition, evil tempers and vain thoughts;

but I had them for all of that, and they were a *part* of me. Not as acts to be repented of and forgiven, but dispositions lying behind the acts, and promptings thereto, natural to the old man and inseparable from his presence in my being. I began to ask God, with a measure of faith, to "cast him out." Along with this desire there came a great "hunger and thirst" to be "filled with all the fullness of God." I longed for a "clean heart and a constant spirit." In such an attitude of soul I attended a social meeting for conference and prayer on a memorable evening early in September, 1869. As I went upon my knees it was with the resolute purpose of "presenting my body a living sacrifice to God." Such were my relations with him that I saw a new light and a new privilege in *entire consecration*, and set about it with great delight. But I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly before me the obstacles in the way, and the "things to be suffered for Jesus' sake." The misapprehensions, suspicions, and revilings of carnal professors, as well as the conflicts with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And they were not the exaggerations of fancy, either; selfishness, pride and prejudice joined forces and rose in rebellion, while the "old man" pleaded for his life. But I could not, would not draw back. "Vile affections" were resolutely nailed to the cross, and those things that "were gain to me"—denomina-

tional standing, family, business, friends, possessions, time, talent and reputation—were irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Saviour. With my all upon the altar I had no sooner reckoned myself "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God" than the "Holy Ghost fell" upon me. Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeating my whole being. I had entered into *rest*. I was nothing and nobody, and glad that it was forever settled that way. It was a conscious luxury to get rid of ambitions and self-will, and have my heart cry out for nothing but the *will of God*. I was deeply conscious of his presence and of his sanctifying work. It was not an effort to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart and mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. The inmost calm and repose in God, of that time, that day, that hour, was a wonder to me then, and it continues to be so still. It was, and it is, the "peace of God that passeth understanding." The witness of the Spirit to entire sanctification was as clear and unmistakable to my own soul as it was in the experience of justification. I have had abundant time and occasion in the nearly nineteen years that have passed, to scrutinize and test the reality and nature of the work wrought then, and perpetuated since by the power of the Holy Ghost. In and of myself I am neither holier nor stronger than before.

But I have learned that this wondrous baptism with the Holy Ghost is the secret of *stability* in the Christian character as well as success. True, it is not a *state* that is necessarily immutable, but rather a *mode of life* which may and ought to be maintained by a perpetual faith in Jesus and his promises. His constant abiding perpetuates a disposition to do the will of God. And our obedience in allowing him to "work in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure" constrains him to abide. I have proven the secret of victory in this life to be quietness, assurance, and obedience, loving God supremely. It must be a supreme dread lest we offend him. And if grieving the Spirit of God is regarded as the greatest evil that could befall us, the fear of man will not ensnare our feet, and our eyes will keep single and the whole body full of light. Let Satan stretch the last link in his chain—it is still too short; he cannot reach us. For the "mighty to save" is both able and willing to keep his own from the commission of sin, as well as to atone for and pardon sins already committed. Bless his holy name. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death." Amen.

DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF.

MT. PLEASANT, O., *Third Month, Fifth Day*, 1888.

III.

FANNIE J. SPARKES.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS blessed with Christian parents and the advantages of religious training. At the age of thirteen, during a revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Binghamton, N. Y., under the pastorate of Rev. A. P. Mead, I became deeply convicted of sin and sought the Lord earnestly and sincerely. I had an erroneous idea of the witness of the Spirit, and was expecting some wonderful change to be instantaneously wrought in my heart. The sense of condemnation gradually gave place to peace and sometimes joy; yet I could not say I had the witness of the Spirit to my conversion.

On the advice of my parents and pastor, though with many misgivings, I then united with the church. During ten years that followed I was counted a consistent member, and was active in church and Sunday-school work. I loved God's written word, loved secret prayer, and occasionally had remarkable answers to prayer. Much of the time, I know now, I enjoyed communion with God; yet I was constantly anxious, and troubled with doubts of my acceptance, because I could not tell the exact time of my conversion.

In August, 1869, after a severe struggle, I resolved to seek no longer for the witness of the Spirit, but to trust Jesus as my Saviour through life, without light or joy, should he so will it, and appear before him, at the last, pleading only his word of promise.

I was led to see that I had made a mistake in looking for great blessings instead of thankfully accepting and acknowledging those given. A few days later "he that believeth hath the witness in himself" came home to me with great power, and from that time I have never doubted my acceptance of the Father, through his Son, nor had a single misgiving in regard to the witness of the Spirit. The struggle of years was ended; I rested joyfully in Christ and was loyally obedient to him.

I had often earnestly desired the blessing of perfect love and had sought it for a time, but relinquished the search through fear that I was not yet regenerated. Some of my friends thought I had now received this blessing, but the Spirit witnessed clearly to my heart that this was the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost" in the "spirit of adoption."

The following spring I was called by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church to the work of a missionary in India, and God, by his Spirit, so wrought in my heart that I knew—with all the certainty I then knew I was his child—that it was

his call, and I dared not refuse to follow. I sailed for India September 22, 1870.

New experiences, new duties, and peculiar trials brought a new sense of need, and 1871 and 1872 were years of constant reaching out after God. It was my privilege to be associated in 1872 with Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Judd, who encouraged me to seek for perfect love, and greatly helped me in it. As new light was given I saw that my will was not, as I had supposed it to be, in perfect harmony with God's will. I resolved that my consecration should be complete, cost what it might. The Holy Spirit wonderfully helped me in heart-searchings as I prayed for light, until every thing was, I knew, laid upon the altar, and I could say, "I am prostrate in the dust; I with Christ am crucified." At last, after weary months of seeking, and feeling that I could not take by faith so great a blessing, I knelt by my bedside one evening in December with the determination not to leave the room until victory should be mine. While pleading, the Spirit whispered, "You have given yourself with all your soul and body's powers unreservedly to God. Why not trust him now to keep that you have committed unto him?" I laid hold of the word, "He is able to keep," etc. I said, "I do trust myself into thy keeping, and will, by an act of faith, hold myself steadily there until thou shalt set the Spirit's seal."

Morning was about dawning. Throughout that

day, while engaged in its duties, I kept claiming and realizing from moment to moment perfect keeping power. At our consecration meeting that evening, led by Dr. Scott, although I greatly shrank from so doing, I felt that I must honor God with my testimony. I stated as nearly as possible just my position, and as I ceased speaking my heart was filled with a sense of God's wonderful love and power, and with the assurance that he saved me to the uttermost.

During the days that followed I seemed to be living in an atmosphere of heaven. I was lifted out of and above myself and surroundings, and realized that I was wholly saved and sweetly kept, enfolded in the everlasting arms. The desire for the salvation of souls was all-absorbing, so that, impelled by a power within, and yet not of me, I labored incessantly, allowing myself hardly time to eat or sleep, but O, what joy I experienced in labor, what help and what blessing!

After about three weeks of this unvarying experience, I awoke one morning with the consciousness that the Spirit's help was withdrawn. I was as one who had been standing on the top of a high mountain reaching unto heaven, drinking in fresh beauty and glory at every breath, suddenly let down into a low, shut-in valley, without any knowledge of how, when, or why he came there. I knew the witness of the Spirit to full salvation had been clear when I

closed my eyes in sleep. I knew I had not grieved the Spirit. The suggestion came, "You testified too soon and never received the blessing you sought." I refuted the suggestion as best I could, but began the day's duties with a heavy heart. I was examining classes in the orphanage, and from six to ten found it very wearying. Soon after I involuntarily spoke impatiently to a girl who was very trying. It was so slight as to be scarcely noticed by the class, but in a moment I was so overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation and sorrow that I felt obliged to retire to my room, where I humbled myself before the Lord and claimed forgiveness for the sin. I had read a statement said to have been taken from John Wesley's journal, that, notwithstanding his very arduous labors, he never knew what it was to feel in the least wearied, and thought this the privilege of all Christians fully saved. I thought, if this be true, there is so much needing to be done in India I need never feel weary while toiling here. My friends had told me I was going beyond my strength; but I thought not. Now I realized that in addition to the Spirit's withdrawal I was physically prostrated. Satan whispered, "You see you were mistaken in regard to that; the whole thing has been a mistake." Afterward, though not then, I saw that God permitted this experience not only to teach me to live by faith, but also what I was always apt to forget, that "we have this treasure in

earthen vessels." While I did not then really let go my hold on God I was bewildered and staggered, and, in a measure, shorn of my strength.

I think I enjoyed the blessing for two years or more after this, but did not walk in the clear light as I might have done had I not, through fear, become cautious about confessing Christ as my Saviour to the uttermost. Here was my fatal mistake, and I am not surprised that my light became dim until it gradually died out. As soon as I realized that the Comforter was gone I began again seeking his presence, but found it much harder to regain a lost experience than to attain to it at first. For one year and a half following I realized much of the time great help and comfort in the work, and was used in the salvation of souls; but I longed for full salvation and for greater power in the work. I was so bowed down with a realization of my own need, my lack of power, and the responsibility of the souls intrusted to my care, that I often spent nearly the whole night praying for their salvation, and, literally bowing my face to the ground, would exclaim, as did Moses, "Lord, I cannot bear this people alone, because they are too much for me."

In September, 1876, I was holding daily meetings in the girls' orphanage, of which I had charge, and for two weeks no one started to seek the Lord. I closed the meetings and went to Lucknow to a camp-meeting then in progress.

At one of the afternoon meetings, where many were seeking entire consecration, I stated my earnest desire for a baptism of power, and asked if it might be definitely sought and found. Brother Dennis Osborn, who was leading the meeting, encouraged me to seek it expectantly now. I reconsecrated myself to God, reckoned myself wholly his, and waited for the baptism.

The next morning, while reading Isa. 32, new light shone upon the word from the 15th to the 20th verses, and especially upon the 17th: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever."

I knew the work of grace wrought in my heart through taking Christ as my righteousness had brought peace, and the effect of the finished work, the abiding Christ, was, I saw, the quietness of resting down low at the feet of Jesus, listening, ready to obey his voice and the assurance that he would himself do the work, only through me. The words given me to speak should be his words, with his power accompanying them. In an instant, I know not how, my soul anchored to the words, and the baptism came—the assurance that Christ, in me and through me, was to be to me a power not before known. I was to go forth strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

I returned to my work in Bareilly, again com-

menced meetings in the orphanage, and in two weeks' time more than fifty of our dear girls were clearly converted.

Two months later I was obliged to return to America on sick leave, but I had never before seen such results in the work as during these two months. Instead of so much struggling and *doing* I could almost "stand still and see the salvation of God." The full assurance of faith was mine. My words, though fewer, more simple and more direct, were, I knew, God-given and could not be fruitless. I had learned, at least in a measure, what oneness with Christ meant, and realized such nearness to him that when I knelt in secret prayer I was in the conscious immediate presence of Christ, and knew my prayer was answered almost before I could call.

The most of the time since then the witness of perfect love has been clear. My experiences have been varied and new tests have been frequently given. The *full* assurance of faith and the *fullness* of the Spirit have not always been mine, but I have realized access to God by faith and power in working for Christ, which could not have been mine without this rest of faith.

F. J. SPARKES.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y *March* 6, 1888.

IV.

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born into this world in Windham, N. Y., October 5, 1824; into the kingdom of God in Wilbraham, Mass., in the spring of 1842. I could never write the day of my spiritual birth, so gradually did the light dawn upon me and so lightly was the seal of my justification impressed upon my consciousness. This was a source of great trial and seasons of doubt in the first years of my Christian life. I coveted a conversion of the Pauline type. My call to the ministry was more marked and undoubted than my justification. Through a mother's prayers and consecration of her unborn child to the ministry of the word I may say, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." My early religious experience was variable, and for the most part consisted in

> "Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
> A howling wilderness."

The personality of the Holy Spirit was rather an article of faith than a joyful realization. He had breathed into me life, but not the more abundant

life. In a sense I was free, but not "free indeed;" free from the guilt and dominion of sin, but not from strong inward tendencies thereto, which seemed to be a part of my nature. In my early ministry, being hereditarily a Methodist in doctrine, I believed in the possibility of entire sanctification in this life, instantaneously wrought. How could I doubt it in the light of my mother's exemplification of its reality? I sought quite earnestly, at times, but failed to find any thing more than transient uplifts from the dead level. One of these, in 1852, was so marked that it delivered me from doubt on the question of regeneration. These uplifts all came while earnestly struggling after entire sanctification as a distinct blessing. But when I embraced the theory that this work is gradual, and not instantaneous, these blessed uplifts ceased. For, seeing no definite line to be crossed, my faith ceased to put forth its strongest energies. In this condition, a period of fifteen years, I became exceedingly dissatisfied and hungry. God had something better for me. He saw that so great was my mental bewilderment, through the conflict of opinion in my own denomination relative to Christian perfection, that I would flounder on, "in endless mazes lost," and never enter

"The land of corn and wine and oil,"

unless he, in mercy, should lead me by another

road than that which has the finger-board set up by John Wesley. I was led by the study of the promised Paraclete to see that he signified far more than I had realized in the new birth, and that a personal Pentecost was awaiting me. I sought in downright earnestness. Then the Spirit uncovered to my gaze the evil still lurking in my nature; the mixed motives with which I had preached, often preferring the honor which comes from men to that which comes from God.

I submitted to every test presented by the Holy Spirit and publicly confessed what he had revealed, and determined to walk alone with God rather than with the multitude in the world or in the Church. I immediately began to feel a strange freedom, daily increasing, the cause of which I did not distinctly apprehend. I was then led to seek the conscious and joyful presence of the Comforter in my heart. Having settled the question that this was not merely an apostolic blessing, but for all ages—"He shall abide with you forever"—I took the promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." The "verily" had to me all the strength of an oath. Out of the "whatsoever" I took all temporal blessings, not because I did not believe them to be included, but because I was not then seeking them. I then wrote my own name in the promise, not to exclude others, but to be sure that I in-

cluded myself. Then, writing underneath these words, "To-day is the day of salvation," I found that my faith had three points to master—*the Comforter, for me, now.* Upon the promise I ventured with an act of appropriating faith, claiming the Comforter as my right in the name of Jesus. For several hours I clung by naked faith, praying and repeating Charles Wesley's hymn—

> "Jesus, thine all-victorious love
> Shed in *my* heart abroad."

I then ran over in my mind the great facts in Christ's life, especially dwelling upon Gethsemane and Calvary, his ascension, priesthood, and all-atoning sacrifice. Suddenly I became conscious of a mysterious power exerting itself upon my sensibilities. My physical sensations, though not of a nervous temperament, in good health, alone, and calm, were indescribable, as if an electric current were passing through my body with painless shocks, melting my whole being into a fiery stream of love. The Son of God stood before my spiritual eye in all his loveliness. This was November 17, 1870, the day most memorable to me. I now for the first time realized "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Reputation, friends, family, property, every thing disappeared, eclipsed by the brightness of his manifestation. He seemed to say "I have come to stay." Yet there was no uttered word, no phantasm or image. It was not a trance or vision. The

affections were the sphere of this wonderful phenomenon, best described as "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." It seemed as if the attraction of Jesus, the loadstone of my soul, was so strong that it would draw the spirit out of the body upward into heaven. How vivid and real was all this to me! I was more certain that God loved me than I was of the existence of the solid earth and of the shining sun. I intuitively apprehended Christ. This certainty has lost none of its strength and sweetness after the lapse of more than seventeen years. Yea, it has become more real and blissful. Nor is this unphilosophical, for Dr. McCosh teaches that the intuitions are capable of growth.

I did not at first realize that this was entire sanctification. The positive part of my experience had eclipsed the negative, the elimination of the sin-principle by the cleansing power of the Paraclete. But it was verily so. Yet it has always seemed to me that this was the inferior part of the great blessing of the incoming and abiding of the whole Trinity. John 14. 23.

After seventeen years of life's varied experiences, on seas sometimes very tempestuous, in sickness and in health, at home and abroad, in honor and dishonor, in tests of exceeding severity, there has come up out of the depths of neither my conscious nor unconscious being any thing bearing

the ugly features of sin, the willful transgression of the known law of God. All this time Satan's fiery darts have been thickly flying, but they have fallen harmless upon the invisible shield of faith in Jesus Christ. As to the future, "I am persuaded that He is able to keep my deposit until that day." In regard to the process of becoming established in holiness, I find this to be God's open secret—"to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing." Phil. 3. 16. The rule is, faith in Christ ever increasing in strength; the heart being fertilized with the elements of faith, a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, the conscience being trained to avoid not merely sinful and doubtful acts, but also those whose moral quality is beyond the reach of all ethical rules, and known to be evil only by their effect in dimming the manifestation of Christ within. The rule of life, I find, must be sufficiently delicate to exclude those acts which bring the least blur over the spiritual eye. Heb. 5. 14. If any act brings a veil of the thinnest gauze between me and the face of Christ I henceforth and forever give it a tremendous letting alone.

As another indispensable to establishment in that perfect love which casts out all fear I have found the disposition to confess Christ in his uttermost salvation. As no man could long keep in his house sensitive guests of whom he was ashamed before his neighbors, so no man can long have the company of

the Father, Son and Holy Spirit in the temple of his heart while ashamed of their presence or their purifying work.

In this respect I follow no man's formula. The words which the spirit of inspiration teaches in the Holy Scriptures, though beclouded with misunderstandings and beslimed with fanaticisms, are, after all, the most appropriate vehicle for the expression of the wonderful work of God in perfecting holiness in the human spirit, soul and body.

I testify that it is possible for believers to be so filled with the Holy Ghost that they can live many years on the earth conscious every day of a meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and of no shrinking back, because of a felt need of further inward cleansing, from an instant translation into the society of the holy angels and into the presence of the holy God. This was my daily experience since 1870. I have the Johannean evidence that my love is pure and unmixed—that is, perfected—in the fact that I have boldness in view of the day of judgment. (1 John 4. 17, 18, Dean Alford's Notes.) This joyful boldness is grounded on the assurance of a conformity to the image of the Son of God, and that I am, through the transfiguring power of the Spirit, like him in purity, and that the Judge will not condemn fac similes of himself, "because, even as he is, so are we in this world."

Yet I am conscious of errors, ignorances, infirmi-

ties and defects, which, though consistent with perfect loyalty and love to God, need, and by faith receive, every moment, the merit of Christ's death. In other words, the ground of my standing before God is neither perfect rectitude in the past nor a faultless present service, but the divine mercy as administered through Jesus Christ. Hence I daily pray, "Forgive us our debts."

DANIEL STEELE.

BOSTON, *March*, 1888.

V.

REV. EDGAR M. LEVY, D.D.

(BAPTIST.)

IT pleased God in my earliest childhood to call me by his Holy Spirit. As far back as memory will allow me to go I can recall seasons of great distress on account of sin. When other children around me were busy at play I would often invent some excuse to withdraw, that I might find a place where I could weep before God in secret.

The weary burden grew heavier with my increasing years. As fast as my mental powers were developed so as to understand, in a measure, the law of God, my condemnation and ruin became more alarmingly real. I cannot look back to this period of life as men usually do. They were not to me days of mirth, but days in which even childhood's laughter was turned into weeping and its buoyancy into heaviness.

My parents, who were intelligent, cheerful, and exemplary Christians, were connected with the Chambers Presbyterian Church, and resided, at this time, remote from the sanctuary of their choice and opposite a Methodist church. Here I would occasionally attend, and listen to the sainted Pitman

and other faithful men of God. It was at this time, when only thirteen years of age, that the burden of sin was removed, and I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I can remember the very place, time, and circumstances in which this wondrous change occurred. For many days I had gone sorrowing. I cried unto God for the pardon promised to the penitent; but he seemed deaf to my entreaties. One night in the great congregation I presented myself for prayer; but no peace came. I returned home and retired at once to my chamber. I knelt near the window and heard, or seemed to hear, the voice of One saying unto me, "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me." That promise was mine. It was my Father's assurance of a loving welcome. It was but a moment, and I was in his arms. It was a rapturous hour. All things were changed. Sorrowing and sighing fled from my bosom. The Spirit of God witnessed with my spirit that I was born again. "Being justified by faith, I had peace with God." I never afterward had a doubt of my conversion. Even in the most unsatisfactory days of my Christian life I could not question the reality of the work of grace in my youthful heart.

In my twenty-first year I was ordained pastor of the First Baptist Church, West Philadelphia, then just organized. Here God greatly blessed my labors in the salvation of sinners. I often marveled

how one so partially consecrated could be so successful. I am conscious now that I was proud of my success, and that it was needful for God to humble and afflict me.

After a pastorate of fourteen years I accepted a call to Newark, N. J. Here, also, God wonderfully blessed my labors, and hundreds were added to the Church. But O, how were all my services, even the best, mixed with selfishness, ambition, and pride! A consciousness of this often filled me with shame and sorrow. Then I would make a new effort to improve my life by more watchfulness, zeal, and prayer; and although failure was sure to follow, yet, not knowing of any better method, I would tread the same weary road over and over again.

Severe afflictions visited me. The sweetest voice of the household group was hushed; the brightest eyes were darkened in death; health failed; many friends proved unreliable; hopes withered, and the way grew rough and thorny. My unsanctified soul, instead of learning submission, became impatient of restraint, would sometimes murmur against the dealings of God with me, question his wisdom, and doubt his love. These feelings would not always prevail. There would be periods of relenting. Mortified at the indulgence of unchristian passions, I could not refrain from weeping before God with true contrition of heart; but it was only to return

to the same bitter experience. That marvelous portrait which is hung up in the seventh chapter of Romans, and which portrays the fearful struggle between will and power—between the evil that is hated and yet committed, and the good that is approved and yet not performed—is a faithful picture of my condition at this time.

After a residence of ten years in Newark I returned, in the autumn of 1868, to the scene of my early labors, and became pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Here I found the religious condition of the members of my new charge as unsatisfactory as my own. They were in a cold, barren, worldly state. I have seldom seen a church more broken and paralyzed. I grieved for them with tender compassion. This solicitude in their behalf produced a fresh consciousness of my own imperfections. I hated sin. I felt that it weakened my moral powers, grieved the Holy Spirit, interrupted my communion with God and impaired my usefulness. One Sunday afternoon I entered my school-room unusually depressed. A sense of utter helplessness came over me. As my tear-dimmed eyes surveyed the school I was painfully moved by the number of adult scholars who were unconverted. I returned to my study crying, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

In February, 1871, Mr. Purdy, an evangelist, was holding meetings in the Methodist church adjacent

to mine. I was invited by the pastor to attend these efforts to promote Christian holiness. I went timidly at first, and yet I continued to go every afternoon for several days. There were divine influences drawing me there. Many Christians from different churches were also in attendance. Day after day, with meekness and gentleness, and yet with unwavering confidence, they told the story of long years of conflict, and of ultimate and complete triumph through simple faith in the blood that cleanses from all sin, of their soul-rest and abiding peace, of their power with God and man, and the fullness of their joy. At first I became deeply interested, and then my heart began to melt. I said: These Christians are certainly in possession of a secret of wonderful power and sweetness. What can it be? Is it justification? No; it cannot be that. I have experienced the blessing of justification; by it I have been absolved from all my past sins; by it I stand in the righteousness of Christ, and every privilege of a child of God, and every grace of the blessed Holy Spirit, has been secured to me; but I do not realize that it has destroyed the power of inbred sin, or ended "the war in my members," or brought to me complete rest of soul. I have peace; but it is often broken by "fear which has torment." I am conscious of loving God, but like some sickly, flickering flame, I am expecting every moment to see it expire altogether. I have joy,

but, like a shallow brook, the drought exhausts it. I have faith, but it is such a poor, weak thing, that I am in doubt, sometimes, whether it is faith at all. "I hate vain thoughts;" and yet they continue to come, and seem at home in my mind. I believe that Jesus saves from sin; and yet I sin from day to day, and the dark stains are every-where visible. Prayer is inestimably sweet; but, alas! it often becomes an effort. To work for Christ is a great privilege; but it often wearies me or degenerates into mere routine. The ordinances of religion yield comfort and strength; but I find as often that all spirituality and power have retreated from them, leaving their channels dry. I sometimes get glimpses of Him whom my soul loveth, but, O! how soon the bright vision fades; and "he hideth himself" is again the deep, earnest cry of my heart. Now, these believers have an experience altogether different from mine. Once, it is true, they felt as I feel, and mourned as I mourn, over broken vows, sinful tempers, intermittent devotions, and repeated failures. But a wonderful change is now manifest. "They are rooted and grounded in love." "Being made free from sin," they now bring forth fruit unto holiness. Having purged themselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit they have become "vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." My desires were kindled. An insatiable hunger seized my soul.

Just at this stage of my experience the meetings ended, and Mr. Purdy was compelled to leave for another appointment. Before leaving, however, a suggestion was made, that he might be induced to return and hold meetings in my own church. It was a surprise to me. I was not sure that my people would consent. I could do nothing, therefore, but leave it for the decision of the church on the coming Sabbath. I did so, and, greatly to my surprise, there was not the slightest objection raised. It was of the Lord.

During the ten days that preceded the meeting I was more than usually prayerful. I commenced a careful examination of the doctrine of sanctification. I reviewed my theological studies. I could scarcely think, or read, or pray on any other subject. I conversed with intimate friends of my own and other denominations. Nearly all of them pronounced the views advanced as nothing else than unscriptural and pernicious errors. They admitted the existence and universality of the disease, but could tell of no adequate remedy this side the grave. They allowed that the malady might be mollified; but in this life, they affirmed, it could never be perfectly healed. I searched the Scriptures, but, alas! my "my eyes were holden," so that I could not see that perfect deliverance from sin which God has provided, through the redemption of Christ, for his believing people. Those passages in the word of

God which require of all his children holiness of character, purity of heart, the entire sanctification of the soul, body and spirit, I was led to regard, from educational training, as marks—very high indeed—after which every Christian should aspire, but to which no one could ever attain; or else as figurative expressions, indicating that at conversion we were made, in some *judicial* sense, holy before God.

These views, however, could no longer satisfy me. I had an intense longing for something better. With the poet, my poor heart cried out:

> "I'm weary of the strife within,
> O let me turn from self and sin!"

The first day of our meeting had come. The church was well filled. I introduced Mr. Purdy. But I had many misgivings, and a secret desire in my heart that he would say nothing about sanctification, but bend all his efforts to the conversion of sinners. This, however, was not his way. Like a wise master-builder, he commenced to lay the foundation broad and deep. He took our Confession of Faith, and urged, from the teaching contained therein, that we should accept the doctrine of sanctification by faith. Our Covenant was next produced; and here he reminded us that in this we solemnly promised that we would so regulate our lives as to enable us to "stand perfect and com-

plete in all the will of God." Last of all, he spoke of our baptism as a beautiful symbol of our death unto sin, our burial with Christ, and our resurrection to a new and holy life. "According to your form of baptism," he said, "the body is buried in water as the corpse is buried in the grave. In all your teachings on this subject you insist that it is a figure of the believer's death and burial unto sin. But that is not all. You not only claim, in this act, that you die to sin, but that you also rise to a life of holiness. 'Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him: knowing that Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" (Rom. 6). With great emotion and emphasis he said, "You have the type, the figure, the symbol: will you deny the doctrine, and make what distinguishes you as a denomination a mere empty, lifeless ceremonial?"

After the sermon a number of persons bore testimony to the fullness and completeness of their present salvation. They represented several evangelical denominations—the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Friend, the Baptist; and there was a beautiful harmony in all that they

said. I had no reason to doubt the truthfulness of their statements. "I might question," I thought, "their logic, find fault with their theories, and reject their phraseology; but how could I dispose of their experience? My judgment was assailed as it had never been before. After the meeting I returned to my study, fell upon the floor, and poured out my soul before God. I did not pray for pardon, but for purity. I did not seek clearer evidences of my acceptance, but to be "made free from sin," not in a judicial or theological sense, but by a real, conscious, inwrought holiness.

That night I was unable to sleep. I was completely broken down in heart before God. The vision of Isaiah seemed reproduced. "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up." "Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

The morning at length dawned, and on every ray I could read, "Walk in the light as he is in the light." "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts," as chanted by the seraphim, seemed floated through all the air. As I thought of God, it was not so much his power or wisdom or justice or love that attracted my attention, as his infinite, spotless holiness.

That day, Friday, March 9, 1871, was observed

by the church as a special season of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. My soul was in great agony. I can compare my experience on this memorable day to nothing else than crucifixion. It seemed to me that I had gone up with Christ to Calvary and was transfixed to the cruel and shameful cross. A sense of loneliness and abandonment stole over my mind. "An horror, of great darkness, fell upon me," and all the powers of hell assaulted my soul. The enemy brought before me, with tremendous force, my life-long prejudices, my theological training, my professional standing, my denominational pride. It was suggested that I must leave every thing behind me should I go a step farther in this direction. The dread of being misunderstood, of having my motives questioned, of being called "unsound in doctrine," of being slighted by my ministerial brethren, and treated with suspicion and coldness, filled my heart with unspeakable anguish. Every thing appeared to be sliding from under my feet. My sight grew dim, my strength departed, and faintness, like unto death, came upon me.

This mental conflict, however, soon subsided. The storm-clouds passed away, and light began to stream in. I was now done with theorizing, with philosophical doubts and vain speculations. The struggle was over. I cared no longer for the opinions of men. I was willing to be a fool for Christ and to suffer the loss of all things. I was like a

little child. I cried out, "Teach me *thy way*, O Lord! and lead me in a plain path." Just then the fountain of cleansing was revealed. Jesus stood before me, with his bleeding wounds, saying, "Come in! Come in!"

I turned to my congregation and said, "I stand before you to-day a poor, weak, and helpless sinner. I have tried to find the way of holiness by every possible means. All my efforts, my struggles, my prayers, my fasting, and my round of duties have proved miserable failures. God is making a wonderful revelation to my long-darkened understanding. I am confident now that it is not by growth, or by effort, or by works of any kind; 'for then would our salvation be of works, and not of grace.' 'In that day, saith the Lord, there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.' That day has come. Here lies the fountain of my Saviour's blood. It was opened for me, even me."

I fell upon my knees and bowed my face to the floor. For a moment I felt that I was sinking in a great sea, and that all its waves were going over me. But they did not seem to be the waters of death.

The Spirit of God whispered those precious words: "But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." My faith laid hold of this wonderful truth,

A strange peace entered into my soul. I exclaimed within myself, "I am free! My heart, my soul, my mind, my body, are washed in the blood of the Lamb!" It was all so strange, so new, so unlike any thing I had ever experienced before, that I could not utter a word, and then the only sentiment of my heart was, "Lord, it is done! I am saved!"

When the meeting ended I repaired immediately to the parsonage. I experienced great physical exhaustion, like Jacob, who was never so weak as when he had just prevailed with the angel.

I threw myself into a chair, and at once the blessed baptism came. I seemed filled with all the fullness of God. I wept for joy. All night long I wept. All the next day, at the family altar, in the street, and in the sanctuary, tears continued to flow. The fountains of my being seemed broken up, and my heart was dissolved in gratitude and praise. My soul seemed filled with pulses, every one thrilling and throbbing with such waves of love and rapture that I thought I must die from excess of life.

At once I had a new and wonderful sense of the presence of Christ. Those words of Jesus were made real to me: "Abide in me, and I in you." I had now an abiding Christ. With Mrs. Edwards I could say, "The presence of God was so near, so precious and so real, that I seemed scarcely conscious

of any thing else. The whole world, with all its enjoyments and all its troubles, seemed to be nothing; my God was my all, my only portion."

The sovereign will of God seemed at once so sweet and blessed that I felt lost in the thought that God ruled over and in me. I found myself praising him for every trial, sorrow, disappointment, and loss.

My sense of unworthiness was greatly quickened. I felt so small, so weak, so utterly nothing, I could no longer pray in the sanctuary, as had been my custom, in a standing position. I wanted to keep sinking lower and lower. And this desire brought a strange pleasure.

I felt a sweet spirit of forgiveness in my heart. It was easy for me to pray for those who had injured me; persons who had become repulsive to me appeared, all at once, as possessing many excellences. I saw so much more to admire, and so much less to condemn, in the people of God, that it seemed God had "made all things new."

My love for the brethren was much enlarged. Denominational distinction disappeared, and my heart flowed out in tender affection for "all those that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

Answers to prayer were continually occurring. The promise was made good, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." One out of many instances of this nature I wish to

relate. During two or three weeks I had scarcely slept at all, first from excess of sorrow and then from excess of joy. Night after night witnessed my utter inability to sleep. Mind and body began to show great nervous exhaustion, which only increased the tendency to wakefulness. One night after retiring, and suffering as before, it occurred to me, "Now ask Jesus." At once I raised my heart in prayer, saying, "Blessed Jesus! I need sleep. Effort will not bring it. I now seek it from thee; let me go to sleep." Immediately I fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly all that night and every night since.

My mind became solemnly impressed with the personality of the devil. For several days, it is true, he was not permitted to attack my soul in the slightest manner. For the first time in my life I was so free from all temptation that I was not conscious of his existence. But it was only for a time. One afternoon, just as I took my seat in the pulpit, Satan stood at my side in dread personality. To my mental sight he appeared, as never before, fearfully and maliciously real. At once I became unconscious of all beside. He suggested such thoughts as these: "Your present experience is, I admit, very satisfactory. But will it continue? What will you do when these meetings shall end, and these birds have done singing, and all these Christians are gone to their several churches and you shall be

alone?" Words utterly fail to convey to another the malignant force of these satanic utterances. But with humble boldness I answered, "I can do without the creature, but not without the Creator. Human sympathy and Christian fellowship are inexpressibly sweet; but they are not indispensable to my happiness or safety. Possessing Christ I have all." "And he showed me Joshua the high-priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan! even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire? Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." (Zech. 3. 1–4). At once I had such a ravishing view of the infinite loveliness and all-sufficiency of Jesus that my heart glowed with new rapture, as the words of the poet came flashing upon my mind:

"O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

"When all created streams are dried
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!"

Instantly the devil fled, and I was dissolved in tears of gratitude.

Several weeks after this, while riding in a street-car, I was again fiercely assaulted by this enemy of all righteousness. Thoughts of evil darted through my mind like summer lightning. I remember well how, in former years, I would exert all my mental powers to put from me these vile suggestions. It used to be a mighty conflict between the powers of darkness and my own puny strength; and it seldom ended without leaving its stain and involving my soul in great spiritual depression. But now, without an effort or a struggle, I found myself, like a fluttered dove, fleeing to Christ. In a moment the thoughts of evil were gone, and my soul exulted in the triumphs of all-victorious faith:

"The dove hath neither claw nor sting,
Nor weapon for to fight:
She owes her safety to her wing,
Her victory to flight."

The personality and office-work of the blessed Holy Spirit were revealed to my spiritual perceptions as they had never been before. He taught me more of his own adorable being in one moment

than I had learned from theological treatises during all my life. And O! what a Comforter he became to me! He seemed to regard me as a little weak, convalescent child, that needed to be carried in the arms and comforted. He had been before my Reprover; but now he sweetly whispered, "No more reproof, no more wounding. I am come to comfort, to heal, to sanctify, and to 'abide with you forever.'"

Indeed, all the doctrines of the Gospel at once became luminous in the presence of the Sanctifier. What was formerly a speculative conviction became now a wondrous reality. What once appeared in dim outline, like some beautiful landscape partly revealed by moonlight, now glowed with distinct and golden splendor.

Life has become marvelously simplified and natural. I no longer work for liberty, but as having liberty; not for, but from life. That which before was either impossible, or at least difficult, is now natural and easy.

I do not find this life—what in my ignorance I once regarded it—one of mysticism, indolence, and self-gratulation, but a life of ceaseless activity amid undisturbed repose; of perpetual absence of all weariness amid perpetual employment. Neither do I find it a condition of stagnation. All life involves growth, and there are no limits to the possibilities of growth in the life of faith. The more the

soul receives the more it is capable of receiving, and the more it yearns to receive.

I have not realized that this experience exempts us from trial, persecution and disappointment. For me the way has frequently been strewn with thorns rather than roses. Unkindness has often wounded my heart. Friends have turned away, sometimes with pity and sometimes with blame. At times I have been in heaviness through manifold temptation, and faith has almost yielded to the outward pressure; but, blessed be God, for sixteen years I have been preserved from all murmuring, disquietude, or fear. The trials have not been too many or too severe. Every arrow has been feathered with love, and every furnace blast has but consumed the dross. I am saved! Saved to the uttermost! Glory to the Lamb!

EDGAR M. LEVY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *March*, 1887.

VI.

JENNIE F. WILLING.

(METHODIST.)

IN a prayerless home, my first remembered religious impressions were received when my sister, fourteen years older than I, came home from a revival meeting and told me that she had given her heart to the Saviour. She prayed with me, and I now think I was converted then, though only five years old. She lived till I was eight, a beautiful, consistent, Christian life. When she died my grief was as deep as a child may know. But the saddest thought of all was that now I would have no one to help me be good.

I kept up my praying secretly, and I was often greatly moved when I went to church, though the influences about me were far from helpful to Christian living. When I was eleven I joined the church.

To all others it could have been of small consequence that a little child should publicly profess faith in Christ; but to me the step was of the utmost importance, for I gave up my dancing, card-playing, and, four years later, my novel-reading,

because I believed they would hinder my efforts to serve the Lord.

When I was nineteen all my family were brought to Christ during a revival in the Congregational church of which I was a member. During the meetings I worked incessantly, and with great joy in the Saviour. Yet all the time I was certain there were tendencies within that would draw me back to my worldliness when the revival pressure was removed.

As soon as my brothers were converted I began to feel an intense desire for strength that I might take care of them when their times of temptation should come. I fasted and prayed, asking in an agony of earnestness, "Is there no way to be established so that one will be as religious all the year round as she is during the revival?" I talked with my pastor and the best of the church members, but they said, in substance, "Don't worry; you're doing very well. Be sure and read your Bible and pray a good deal, and you'll get on as well as the rest." "But will we all grow cold when the meetings are over?" "Why, yes, of course. That's about the way it has to go." "Then my brothers will backslide," I said, almost in despair. "They've been very wicked, and, unless I keep near the Saviour I know I can't help them as they need, and they'll not live through the summer."

Here was a paradox. Never happier in Christ,

and yet never in greater unrest of soul. The nearer Jesus, the keener the heart-hunger. At last, worn out with strugglings, after having tried every other aid, I got down as a little helpless, tired child, and said, "Dear Saviour, if thou ever didst such a thing as to establish one in thy grace, so that she could be as religious in summer as in winter, I beg of thee to so establish me!" And he did—the next moment.

Though I was surely his child before, a change passed upon me as decided as going at once from densest midnight to broadest noon. When I rose from my knees I said to a friend, "I sha'n't backslide this summer." "Why not? How do you know?" "Because Christ has established me. I haven't the shadow of a fear now." "I wish he would establish me." "He will if you'll give him all your heart and trust him fully. His perfect love casts out all fear."

Though quite horrified when a friend, to whom I related this experience a few months later, suggested the possibility of its being sanctification, I used in my public and private testimonies the same language that those do who profess that grace.

After becoming the wife of a Methodist minister I learned to use the Wesleyan phraseology.

Within a year after my marriage, however, I was thrown in contact with a set of people who professed perfection in the strongest terms, and yet who were chiefly characterized by their censoriousness.

Resenting their strictures, I grieved the Holy Spirit and lost the grace that had given me profound rest under most trying circumstances.

The next ten years were spent in an almost incessant struggle to regain the forfeited treasure. A Christian, zealous and constant, yet never fully at rest. Again, the nearer Jesus the more heavily the burden of innate sinfulnesss pressed my heart. Days were spent in fasting, nights in prayer, and tears were shed till my physical strength seemed quite exhausted—all to no purpose. The main trouble was, as I came afterward to see, I was determined to have the same set of emotions that I had in my early experience before I would believe my prayer answered and the grace restored. The divine rule, "By grace ye are saved *through faith*," could not be abrogated for me, and so my cries and prayers were of little use.

At last I began to use common sense with my earnestness. I went through the problem of my experience as slowly, difficultly and coolly as though it were a mathematical or logical question.

The first point settled, never to be reconsidered, was the relation of the emotions to the actual religious state. Usually unreliable, they must be ruled out of the court as unfit to testify. The next step was to find the limits of the consecration required. God has no right to hinge our salvation upon our doing what we do not know how to do; it is impossible for us to give him what we do not know about. He

loves us too well to require the impossible; so the limit of our knowledge must be the limit of responsibility in consecration. "O Lord, I give thee all I know to give, just as well as I know how. When I come to know and have more I will give more. There, that consecration must be as complete as I can now make it." Satan had driven me so many times from that point in the ten, long, wilderness years, he did his best to drive me now from this position. I held my position. "I am honest. I purpose to be wholly the Lord's at any cost. If I do not give all it is because I do not know how; and Christ cannot hold me responsible for what I do not know." I settled it that only two points were to be made: *complete consecration* and *complete trust.* "I have been all these years trying to believe; now I will give up trying. I will simply say, I do give all to Jesus as well as I can. He asked for me, so, of course, he takes me. If he really wants to save me—and it is wicked to think any thing else—he has the chance, for I have given myself wholly to him. Does he now save me? I don't feel it. Feeling is not to be considered. It is the fact I want. Am I now cleansed from sin by the blood of Christ? He has me in his hands, and he so hates sin he will not let me stay unclean when he has the chance to cleanse me. Yes, I believe he now saves me fully, and I am willing to risk the assertion to my husband, to the Church, to the world."

It took nearly two weeks of slow, close thinking and prayer, for me to crowd myself, inch by inch, through this process. The promise used of the Holy Spirit to strengthen my almost paralyzed believing power was that word in John, "And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will he heareth us, and if we know that he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." Only two conditions are given here—that what we ask is "according to his will," and that "he heareth us." "It is according to his will that I be cleansed. The opposite of this proposition is not thinkable. He heareth me. If he is with me alway, as he promised, he cannot help hearing me. Then I know that I have the petition, even the cleansing of my heart."

Since then, though often stumbling and always full of infirmities, I have been enabled by divine grace to walk in the light. Whenever a doubt has risen, or I have fallen into sin, I have gone at once through the "process" of consecration and trust, believing that, as certainly as two and two make four, this, honestly done, results in the cleansing from all sin.

JENNIE F. WILLING.

LAKE BLUFF, ILL., *July* 2, 1887.

VII.

MRS. M. BAXTER.

(CHURCH OF ENGLAND.)

BROUGHT up as a member of the Episcopal Church of England, under a ministry then unspiritual, I had, although trained to a high moral standard, "no hope," and was "without God in the world." In his grace he sought me, first by strong convictions that my life was fundamentally wrong and that I had no real contact with God. By the side of my father's grave, in my ignorance of God's love, I vowed that if he would speak with me as he did with Abraham and Noah I would willingly give up my sight, my hearing, or any thing else for the privilege.

Only four months later, on October 12, 1858, God revealed himself to me in his own word. A friend, who had also lost her father, came to see me and spoke to me about my soul. Till that time no one had ever asked me a direct question. I told her frankly that I would not ask God for the pardon of my sins; I should be asking an unjust thing, and were he unjust I could not worship him. God guided the reply; it was his own word: "All we

like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa. 53, 6.) Without a word, without a formal prayer, Jesus stood revealed to me as just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth. I had what I had longed for, communion with God, in which Jesus would speak to me and I to him, and for many nights could not spare the time for sleep. He made it no difficulty to me to give up all for him; it came quite natural. Dancing, acting, novels, fashionable dress, jewels, caricaturing, etc., died out of my life by the absorbing power of the new life within. It made me feel I possessed a knowledge which would save men from hell, and almost all my time was spent in speaking with individuals and seeking to win them to Christ.

But some months later, more than half a year after my conversion, although I saw souls continually saved, yet I felt a need for a deeper work of grace. A number of the *Guide to Holiness* was put into my hands, in which was an article by the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. I took it to the Lord, and then and there was led to yield up myself a living sacrifice, and to accept the cleansing from all sin as far as I then understood it, and in some way accepted the Holy Ghost to possess me. At this time the acquaintance of the late Rev. Mr. Aitken of Pendem, was an untold blessing to me. For eight

years after this time my life seemed to be a going on from strength to strength. It was but a small sphere of labor which God gave me, in a little town and the surrounding villages, but he worked blessedly and gave me, through correspondence and through notes on the Scriptures, an increasing influence.

But I did not know how much I was occupied at that time with myself and my own holiness. I fell into spiritual pride. This opened the way for other sins of temper, etc. I was sorely disappointed with myself; I felt as though God had failed me. I had conceived a very high and ascetic standard, and I had fallen miserably below it, and though I cried to God for hours by day and hours by night, my old joy and peace did not return. In the year 1873 I first saw *Gladness in Jesus*, by the Rev. W. E. Boardman, and in reading it my eyes were opened to see that I had been all this time dealing with myself instead of acting truly to my first consecration of myself to God and letting him deal with me. All my confidence in my own experience as a saviour was gone. My old experience lived again, it is true, but I was on the divine side of it, seeing Jesus as my sanctification, Jesus dwelling in me to be patience in me, love in me, and all else I needed.

From this time God has been closely educating my conscience. While he keeps me from sinning as I trust him, he teaches me from time to time his

own views of sin, so that things which a year ago were not sin to me are so now. But the conflict is transferred; the battle is the Lord's. He cleanses, he helps, he fights. I trust and praise him. He has taught me the same blessed faith for the body as the soul. All glory to his holy name.

M. BAXTER.

LONDON, ENGLAND, *March* 4, 1887.

VIII.

REV. WILLIAM REDDY, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

IT is a delicate and difficult thing to speak or to write of one's own personal experience and not to have self crop out. Our Lord said, "He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory, but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true and no unrighteousness is in him." Can I do this in endeavoring to "declare what the Lord has done for my soul?" May the Holy Spirit give me a "single eye," that I may magnify the grace that "hath saved me, and called me with a holy calling."

I was born in what is now Ledyard township, Cayuga County, N. Y., September 28, 1813. I was at different times, in early life, somewhat convicted of the need of salvation, and made some feeble and abortive attempts to seek the Lord. I was induced to attend a Methodist revival-meeting and found myself bracing against the influence of the meeting. But after having declined to go to the altar on the solicitation of the Congregationalist minister, who had known my former failure, I at last decided to yield, and in going I said, "I will never leave that

altar till I am saved, if there is salvation for me." I struggled and wrestled, but when I gave up my struggles and sank down in self-despair, saying, "if I perish, I perish." I then found rest and a degree of peace. I felt that I had crossed the line and was, by choice and surrender, "on the Lord's side," but without much emotion, and without a divine and intelligent assurance of pardon. But I was settled in my choice and purpose. I was tempted, before I reached my home, that I was not converted. And I could only answer, "I do not feel as I expected. I would not dare to say that I am certain that I am converted; but I shall never go back. My choice is made. If I am not converted I shall not rest until I know for certain that I am." Though I immediately gave my name to the church, and met in class and attended secret prayer and all religious duties, yet it was some months later before I was so blessed in secret prayer as to banish all doubts. I was nineteen years old at this time. I was unacquainted with Methodist literature, but I was hungry to know the truth. I procured books and read with avidity whatever pertained to the new life upon which I had entered. I devoured all the literature I could. I found the doctrine and the experience of perfect love inculcated and exemplified. It was a revelation to me, so unlike the doctrine of the necessary indwelling of original sin, and the impossibility of living without "committing sin," in

which, from childhood, I had been taught. I determined to test its truth, first, by a careful study of the Scriptures. This being settled affirmatively, I then resolved to test it by experience, if possible to me, as I had learned that God is no respecter of persons. Then followed a prolonged struggle for more than nine months. I sought "with strong crying and tears" in my closet and in my barn, sometimes till midnight.

The *Memoir of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers* was the instrument of my deliverance. I was then a class-leader, and I had been to meet my class and had taken the little *Memoir* with me to read to my class some of her spiritual letters, in order to stir up the class to seek with me this great salvation. O how my soul hungered and thirsted for this blessing! I could truly say, "'Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone."

Returning to my home, my (Presbyterian) mother having retired, I lighted a candle and sat down on the carpet in front of the stove, and opened upon a page containing a quotation from Mr. Fletcher, in which he illustrated the text, "Reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He showed that as when we reckon with a creditor or with our host, and have paid all, we reckon ourselves free, "so now reckon with God—Jesus has paid all, paid for thee, hath purchased thy pardon and

thy holiness, and it is now God's command, 'reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God.' O begin (said he) to reckon now, and believe, believe, and continue to believe; for it is retained as it is received, by faith alone." The view thus opened revealed to my eye the atonement—its provisions for me, its freeness and its fullness—and that my believing was simply crediting the truth of salvation as already wrought out in Christ. My believing made nothing new; but what was "true in him before" became "true in me." I began simply to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Saviour. The words of St. John then had a meaning which I had not previously seen: "Which thing is true in him and in you, because the darkness is past and the true light now shineth." This was the immediate effect: I seemed to myself to be reduced to a cipher, and Christ filled the whole horizon of my vision! O how serene and peaceful I felt!

"Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of love."

In this peaceful frame I retired to rest, reckoning myself dead indeed unto sin. The thought was suggested, "This will all pass off with the sleep of the night;" but I still reckoned, rested and rejoiced.

(This occurred in 1835.) In the morning I continued the reckoning, and was free.

The next day after my deliverance, while absorbed in spiritual communings, the suggestion came to me, "Are you willing to confess what the Lord has done for you?" This was a startling thought. I dropped my eye to look at the suggestion, and immediately it was whispered, "If you confess this blessing you will be called a 'Perfectionist,'" and at once the odium and the reproach which attached to others because of wild and fanatical doctrines then regnant in the land seemed impending over me. Then, further, it was suggested: "You will enjoy this but a little while, and then, if you have made the confession and lost the blessing, it will bring dishonor upon the blessed doctrine." Without realizing that these last suggestions came from the enemy, I yielded, and determined to be silent and endeavor to live it for a season first; and in an instant I found I had lost the blessing. I then saw the snare in which I had been taken. I had shrunk from "the reproach of the cross," and I had distrusted the keeping power of my deliverer. O, the sad reaction which came over me; self-reproach, loss of the keen relish, loss of confidence, and loss of a sense of the presence of Jesus, which so delightfully I had enjoyed. From being an heir I was a bankrupt. But I resolved at once to recover my forfeited inheritance in Christ.

But I was hampered; yet I continued faithful to duty, and sometimes was enabled in secret to trust and claim the blessing. But when in public I was afraid to confess it. I rounded my corners in my testimony, and then would sink again. This fluctuation continued about four years. Meantime I preached the doctrine, and others thought that I professed the blessing; but there was a little reserve and evasion. At last, one day, in my secret struggling, I said: "O Lord, what does hinder me?" And I was reminded of my distrust and shrinking in regard to confession. I saw it and said, "If I live to preach next Sabbath I will confess Jesus as my full Saviour, whatever may be my feelings." Sabbath came, and I preached Christ as a full Saviour. In class-meeting came the test, and I ventured out further in my testimony than I had ever done before, and I was correspondingly blest.

One brother, an exhorter, afterward a traveling preacher, received the blessing in class-meeting that day. At my afternoon appointment I ventured still further, and was more explicit, and was still more fully blest. In the evening service, in class, I heard sung for the first time, "I've given all for Christ, he's my all," etc., and it went through me as a lightning-streak, and my whole being responded,

"I've given all for Christ,
He's my all."

Three things I must record in justice to the facts of my later experience.

1. The advantage which Satan gained over me in the first instance has furnished a sort of fulcrum on which he has rested his lever in his subsequent assaults and devices toward me, and too successfully has he "hindered me" at the same point. It has cost me great struggles to rise above the influence and to assert my liberty. Hence my "interior life" has fluctuated, and been obscured at various times. The stem has been broken, but the root has never been killed. I have always been in sympathy with the theme and with those who are identified with it. The more explicit I have been in my teaching the clearer has been my own experience and the more successful I have been

2. Whatever of success God has been pleased to bestow on my labor and teaching I owe to that early initiation into the "interior of the kingdom," and my adherence to the truth touching "the deep things of God."

3. I am humbled in view of frequent lapses in spirit and temper, though graciously restored and still abiding in Christ. When I have contracted a stain upon my white robe I have found no safety or relief except by an immediate resort to the cleansing fountain of atoning blood, and there to wash the stain away.

Mr. Fletcher's experience in losing it several

times before he was established in it has helped me in my recovery. I know the power of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, and to "save to the uttermost." I know the Holy Ghost as a sanctifier, comforter and guide.

My life has been one of delightful labor, of severe and repeated trials and bereavements. These words of St. Peter have been instructive, inspiring, and assuring to me: "But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect" (not in love; that is supposed to have been done, but) "make you perfect"—that is, "stablish, strengthen, settle you"—"establish you unblamable in holiness before God unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WILLIAM REDDY.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., *July* 6, 1887.

IX.

REV. JAMES MUDGE, B.D.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born at West Springfield, Mass., April 5, 1844, my father—also James—being a member of the New England Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Having been baptized in infancy, and brought up piously inside the fold from the beginning, in accordance with the ideas implied in that ordinance, I was always accounted a very good boy, and my conversion, which took place at the age of twelve, in a quiet revival in the little village of South Harwich, Mass., September, 1856, was not attended by any violent emotions. It was simply a determination, under the gentle stimulus of the special interest attending the revival, to take up publicly the position and perform the duties of an openly-avowed Christian believer. Such I became. I joined in full the old Common Street Church of Lynn, Mass. (whither I had gone to prepare for college), on my thirteenth birthday, April 5, 1857.

I faithfully attended to all Christian duties, speaking and praying in class and prayer meetings, from

which I was never absent, and serving as librarian in the Sunday-school. I did not falter for a day, or so much as once think of turning back, and my joy in Jesus steadily increased as I came to know him more.

Before long, however, as I continued my school life and church life, I began to find that there were certain things hard to do, and for the doing of which I did not seem to possess sufficient strength. I shrank from the cross involved in talking personally about religion with my class-mates, and I fell into the indulgence of a few doubtful practices in reference to which my conscience was not wholly at ease. I found myself sliding into a state of half-way service, a state wherein I was conscious of being only partially consecrated to God.

Happily I took alarm, after a little, and seeing clearly that there was no permanent peace or power to be had except in being decisively one thing or another, my mind became greatly exercised on the subject of FULL SALVATION. From reading a good deal about this, and hearing it much spoken of at my home and elsewhere, I came to have a strong desire for its attainment. So when I went, in August, 1860, to the annual camp-meeting at Eastham, on Cape Cod, as I was accustomed to do from year to year, it was with the earnest hope that I might receive this great blessing.

But Monday evening, August 13, the last night

of the meeting, came without my having reached any thing very definite. I had consecrated all, to the best of my ability, but had failed to apprehend that further necessity, the simple step of appropriating faith. The Rev. Charles Nichols, in a private conversation, made this matter plain, and so broke the last link that bound me to the old life. Silently and alone, as I bowed in prayer under the oak-trees, I firmly made up my mind to take God at his word. I determined that for the future, relying entirely upon his strength, I would bear every cross and be a whole-souled Christian. In a prayer-meeting at the tent, between nine and ten that night, I made open avowal that the blessing I had sought was now obtained, claimed by simple faith. I felt no sudden, overpowering bliss, but a deep peace as of the conflict over and the harbor gained.

It was certainly a turning-point in my life from which dates a distinct and decided change in my experience. I returned to school a different individual. There was no more shirking of duty. I implicitly obeyed whatever I felt to be the orders of God. I bore clear and frequent testimony to the full salvation with which God had so wonderfully enriched my soul. At college (Middletown, Conn.), whither I soon went, 1861, I took a leading part in aggressive religious work and in promoting the highest type of spirituality.

My steps have been forward from that day in

August, 1860, to this. Each year, without exception, has been an improvement on its predecessors. There has never been any thing that could be called a period of lapse or backsliding. Nevertheless, after a time, both while in college and subsequently, I gradually became aware that the work performed upon me at the second blessing above described was not so deep and thorough as I had supposed. I was conscious of feelings which looked so suspiciously like ambition, envy, jealousy, impatience, pride, discontent, and selfishness that I could not feel perfectly at ease about the matter. The theory in which I had been trained taught that all these things had been entirely removed at the aforesaid second blessing, and that what I felt now were only *infirmities* and *temptations*. I tried to think them so, but when I was most candid and honest with myself the explanation failed to fully satisfy me. In short, I grew more and more convinced as the years went on, that in my case at least (and it seemed to me also in the case of nearly if not quite all others I met), after the second blessing there was need of further consecrations from time to time, deepening, extending, and perfecting the work. In other words, I felt and saw that the sanctification wrought at conversion and at the second blessing was in both cases entire up to the light then given, and *no further*. Perfect light was not given either at one time or at the other, and hence as the light

subsequently increased a subsequent corresponding work in the heart remained to be done.

It is on this line that my experience has steadily and gloriously progressed for the last twenty years. There has been no year when it has not gone forward, but there have been some years of unusually marked advance, some seasons of very rich revelations of God's presence and power. One such year was that in which I went as a missionary to India, 1873, laying upon the altar all the fond ambitious dreams and hopes of life, all the delights of home and friends and native land, in a far more thorough way than ever before; a way not possible to me before, because the actual pinch and stress of the practical test had not previously been brought within my reach. Another such season came during my last full year in India, 1882, when, owing to some very bitter trials, a fuller disclosure was made to me than ever before as to some remains of the self-life needing further attention. Sunday, July 9, 1882, alone in my room at Shahjahanpore, God gave me such a baptism of love as I shall never forget to all eternity. The availableness of God and the lovableness of man were manifested to me in a way indescribable, and the effect upon my life ever since has been very marked. During the past six months there has been almost as wonderful a development of faith as there was of love five years ago. Unseen things are now far more real than ever before.

There is an intensity and fullness of spiritual life before unknown, a settling down more thoroughly into Christ and a putting him on more completely; a greater oneness of will with God and a more exact conformity to his image as well as more simplicity and more humility. If I am asked whether I consider that all these graces are now perfected in me, and that the self-life is absolutely dead, no minutest trace or smallest particle of it any more visible to the all-penetrating gaze of the great Searcher of hearts, I reply, I cannot tell. I have thought so at various times. But when keener tests were brought to bear I found reason to believe that a little of self still lingered, calling for further purification. Thus it may be now. I know that to me but one thing seems desirable or valuable in heaven or earth, and that is the WILL OF GOD. And every thing which comes to me I welcome as God's will for me. So far as I am any way conscious, my whole being, without the slightest reservation or hesitation, goes out after him and abides in him. Loving only what God loves, and willing only what God wills, I find no room for disappointment, but only for delight and thanksgiving in all he sends me. This is surely the land of Beulah, if not something more. It is, indeed, heaven begun below. "For to me to live is Christ."

JAMES MUDGE.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS., *April* 5, 1887.

X.

FRANCES. E. WILLARD.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS lying on my bed in my home at Evanston, Illinois, in the crisis of typhoid fever. It was one night in June, 1859. The doctor had said that the crisis would soon arrive, and I had overheard his words. Mother was watching in the next room. My whole soul was intent, as two voices seemed to speak within me, one of them saying, "My child, give me thy heart. I called thee long by joy, I call thee now by chastisement; but I have called thee always and only because I love thee with an everlasting love."

The other said, "Surely you who are so resolute and strong will not break down now because of physical feebleness. You are a reasoner, and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel."

One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snowy wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat. The controversy did not seem brief; in my weakness such

a strain would doubtless appear longer than it really was. Solemnly, definitely, and with my whole heart I said, not in spoken words, but in the deeper language of consciousness,

"If God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl." I was then nineteen years old. But this resolve did not bring peace.

"You must at once declare this resolution," said the inward voice.

Strange as it seems, and complete as had always been my frankness toward my dear mother, far beyond what is usual even between mother and child, it cost me a greater humbling of my pride to tell her than the resolution had cost of self-surrender, or than any other utterance of my whole life has involved. After a hard battle, in which I lifted up my soul to God for strength, I faintly called her from the next room, and said,

"Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well I'll try to be a Christian girl."

She took my hand, knelt beside my bed, and wept and prayed. I then turned my face to the wall and sweetly slept. . . . That winter we had revival services in the old Methodist church at Evanston. Dr. (now Bishop) Foster was president of the university, and his sermons, with those of Drs. Dempster, Bannister, and others, deeply stirred my heart. I had convalesced slowly and been out of town, so these meetings seemed my

first public opportunity of declaring my new allegiance. The very first invitation to go forward, kneel at the altar and be prayed for, was heeded. Waiting for no one, counseling with no one, I went alone along the aisle with my heart beating so loudly I thought that I could see as well as hear it beat as I moved forward. One of the most timid, shrinking, sensitive natures, what it meant to me to go forward thus, with my student friends gazing upon me, can never be told. I had been known as "skeptical," and prayers (of which I then spoke lightly) had been asked for me in the church the year before. For fourteen nights in succession I thus knelt at the altar, expecting some utter transformation—some slice of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart, as I have seen the box of valuables placed in the corner-stone of a building and firmly set, plastered over and fixed in its place forever. This was what I had determined must be done, and was loath to give it up. I prayed and agonized, but this did not occur.

One night when I returned to my room baffled, weary and discouraged, and knelt beside my bed, it came to me quietly that this was not the way; that my "conversion," my "turning about," my religious experience (*re-li-gio*, to bind again), had reached its crisis on that summer night when I said "yes" to God. A quiet certitude of this pervaded my consciousness, and the next night I told the public con-

gregation so, gave my name to the church as a probationer, and after holding this relation for a year—waiting for my sister Mary, who joined later, to pass her six months' probation—I was baptized and joined the church "in full connection." Meanwhile I had regularly led, since that memorable June, a prayerful life—which I had not done for some months previous to that time; studied my Bible, and, as I believe, evinced by my daily life that I was taking counsel of the heavenly powers. Prayer-meeting, class-meeting (in which Rev. Dr. Hemenway was my beloved leader), and church services were most pleasant to me, and I became an active Christian worker, seeking to lead others to Christ. For I had learned to think of and to believe in God in terms of Jesus Christ. This had always been my difficulty, as I believe it is that of so many. By nature all spiritually-disposed people (and with the exception of about six months of my life I was always strongly that) are Unitarians, and my chief mental difficulty has always been, and is to-day, after all these years, to adjust myself to the idea of three in one and one in three. But, while I will not judge others, there is for me no final rest, except as I translate the concept of God into the nomenclature and personality of the New Testament. What Paul says of Christ is what I say; the love John felt it is my dearest wish to cherish.

Six years passed by, during which I grew to

love more and more the house of God and the fellowship of the blessed Christian people who were my brothers and sisters in the church. The first bereavement of my life came to me three years after I became a Christian, in the loss of my only sister, Mary, whose life-long companionship had been a living epistle to me, of conscientiousness and spirituality. In her death she talked of Christ as "one who held her by the hand," and she left us with a smile fresh from the upper glory. A great spiritual uplift came to me then, and her last message, "Sister, I want you to tell every body to be good," was like a perfume and a prophecy within my soul. This was in 1862. In 1866 Mrs. Bishop Hamline came to our village and we were closely associated in the work of the "American Methodist Ladies' Centennial Association" that built Heck Hall. This saintly woman placed in my hands the *Life of Hester Ann Rogers; Life of Carvosso; Life of Mrs. Fletcher;* Wesley's *Sermons on Christian Perfection*, and Mrs. Palmer's *Guide to Holiness.* I had never seen any of these books before, but had read Peck's *Central Idea of Christianity*, and been greatly interested in it. I had also heard saintly testimonies in prayer-meeting, and, in a general way, believed in the doctrine of holiness. But my reading of these books, my talks and prayers with Mrs. Hamline, that modern Mrs. Fletcher, deeply impressed me. I began to desire and pray for holiness

of heart. Soon after this, Dr. and Mrs. Phebe Palmer came to Evanston as guests of Mrs. Hamline, and for weeks they held meetings in our church. This was in the winter of 1866; the precise date I cannot give. One evening, early in their meetings, when Mrs. Palmer had spoken with marvelous clearness and power, and at the close those desirous of entering into the higher Christian life had been asked to kneel at the altar, another crisis came to me. It was not so tremendous as the first, but it was one that deeply left its impress on my spirit. My dear father and a friend, whom we all loved and honored, sat between me and the aisle—both Christian men and greatly reverenced by me. My mother sat beyond me. None of them moved. At last I turned to my mother (who was converted and joined the church when she was only twelve years old) and whispered, "Will you go with me to the altar?" She did not hesitate a minute, and the two gentlemen moved out of the pew to let us pass, but did not go themselves.* Kneeling in utter self-abandonment I consecrated myself anew to God.

My chief besetments were, as I thought, a speculative mind, a hasty temper, a too ready tongue, and a purpose to be a celebrated person. But in that hour

*A little later my father did publicly ask prayers, though an officer in the church and a Christian from early manhood. His remarkable experience and triumphant death in 1868 I have described in *The Guide to Holiness*.

of sincere self-examination I felt humiliated to find that the simple bits of jewelry I wore, gold buttons, rings and pin, all of them plain and "quiet" in their style, came up to me as the separating causes between my spirit and my Saviour. All this seemed so unworthy of that sacred hour that I thought at first it was a mere temptation. But the sense of it remained so strong that I unconditionally yielded my pretty little jewels, and great peace came to my soul. I cannot describe the deep welling up of joy that gradually possessed me. I was utterly free from care. I was blithe as a bird that is good for nothing except to sing. I did not ask myself "Is this my duty?" but just intuitively *knew* what I was called upon to do. The conscious, emotional presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit held me. I ran about upon his errands "just for love." Life was a halcyon day. All my friends knew and noticed the change, and I would not like to write down the lovely things some of them said to me; but they did me no harm, for I was shut in with the Lord. And yet, just then, there came, all unintended and unlooked for, an experience of what I did not then call sin, which I now believe to have been wrong. My own realization of it was, however, so imperfect that it did not mar my loyalty to Christ. In this holy, happy state, I engaged to go to Lima, New York, and become preceptress of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Just before leaving, my hon-

ored friend Dr. ——, who was visiting Governor Evans, said to me one evening,

"Sister Frank, there is a strange state of things at Lima. The Free Methodists have done great harm in Western New York by their excesses in the doctrine and experience of holiness. You know I believe thoroughly in and profess it, but just now our Church has suffered so much from the 'Nazarites,' as they are called, that I fear if you speak and act as zealously at Lima in this cause as you do here it may make trouble. Hold to the experience, but be very careful in statement."

So I went to Lima with these thoughts, and there quite soon, in a prayer-meeting in the old seminary chapel—my good friend, Prof. ——, whose subsequent experience has been such a blessed heritage to Christians, replied to a student who rose to inquire about holiness, that it "was a subject we did not mention here."

Young and docile-minded as I was, and revering those two great and true men, I "kept still" until I soon found I had nothing in particular to keep still about! The experience left me. But I think my pupils of that year will bear me witness that for their conversion and spiritual upbuilding I was constantly at work.

Since then I have sat at the feet of every teacher of holiness whom I could reach; have read their books and compared their views. I love and rev-

erence and am greatly drawn toward all, and never feel out of harmony with their spirit. Wonderful uplifts come to me as I pass on—clearer views of the life of God in the soul of man. Indeed, it is the *only life*, and all my being sets toward it as the rivers toward the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me; the love of Christ is steadfast in my soul; the habitudes of a disciple sit more easily upon me; tenderness toward humanity and the lower orders of being increases with the years. In the temperance, labor and woman questions I see the stirring of Christ's heart; in the comradeship of Christian work my spirit takes delight, and prayer has become my atmosphere. But that sweet pervasiveness, that heaven in the soul, of which I came to know in Mrs. Palmer's meeting, I do not feel.

I am afraid I love too well the good words of the good concerning what I do; that I have not the control of tongue and temper that I ought to have, and that I do not answer to a good conscience in the matter of taking sufficient physical exercise. But God knows that I constantly lift up my heart for conquest over them all, and my life is calm and peaceful.

Just as frankly as I "think them over" have I here written down the outline phenomena of my spiritual life, hoping that it may do good and not evil to those who read.

I am a strictly loyal and orthodox Methodist,

but I find great good in all religions and in the writings of those lofty and beautiful moralists who are building better than they know, and all of whose precepts blossom from the rich soil of the New Testament. No word of faith in God or love toward man is alien to my sympathy. The classic ethics of Marcus Aurelius are dear to me, and I have carried in my traveling outfit not only à Kempis, but Epictetus and Plato. The mysticism of Fénelon and Guyon, the sermons of Henry Drummond and Beecher, the lofty precepts of Ralph Waldo Emerson, all help me up and onward. I am an eclectic in religious reading, friendship, and inspiration. My wide relationships and constant journeyings would have made me so had I not the natural hospitality of mind that leads to this estate. But, like the bee that gathers from many fragrant gardens but flies home with his varied gains to the same friendly and familiar hive, so I fly home to the sweetness and sanctity of the old faith that has been my shelter and solace so long.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," is the deepest voice out of my soul. Receive it every instant, voluntarily given back to thyself, and receive it in the hour when I drop this earthly mantle, that I wear to-day, and pass onward to the world invisible but doubtless not far off.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

EVANSTON, ILL., *May* 20, 1887.

XI.

REV. G. D. WATSON, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born in Accomac County, Virginia, March 26, 1845. My father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, were Methodists. I was raised up in family prayer, attended Sabbath-school, and went through many revivals of religion. I suppose I was the black sheep of the flock; the worst boy of the whole six. I was exceedingly passionate, self-willed, imperious and contrary.

My earliest convictions were when I was five or six years old. One night father and mother went to church and left us children alone, the eldest being twelve or thirteen years of age. We sang "Rock of Ages," and all got under conviction. I prayed and cried, but did not know what ailed me. At that early age I was called to preach. When I was twelve or thirteen I sought religion, and after that was at the altar at every revival; but my will was not thoroughly broken down.

I was converted in the Southern army, near Richmond, Virginia, August 12, 1863. When I was converted it was a new creation. I read the New Testament through twice that year. I began to hold prayer-meetings among the young men. My old

companions would meet me and knock my Bible out of my hand and call me names. I had not been saved a month until I found there was inbred sin in my heart. I had never heard of holiness. If some one had known how to lead me I think I would have obtained the blessing then.

I went to the Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, where I acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of Hebrew, Greek, and theology.

I joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1868. I went to the National Camp-meeting at Oakington in 1869, and there first heard a sermon on entire sanctification. I went to the altar seeking it, led there through the influence of Alfred Cookman, who was then a member of my Conference. I received a great blessing, felt great tranquillity, and called it perfect love. I went back and testified to holiness.

My presiding elder opposed the doctrine and ridiculed me for preaching in advance of my elders, and so did others; and under the pressure I did not testify as often as I should. I did not preach against it; but I did not stand up for the doctrine, and soon got back into my old state. I then descended from a restful Christianity to a toilsome Christianity, and also began using tobacco again. I had hours of communion with God, but they were unsteady; and I had a great deal of soul twilight. I loved to preach; enjoyed a revival; felt much enthusiasm in all the interests of my church; felt at

home in Christian society, and was often thrilled with the harmony and grandeur of Bible truth. I went into science and philosophy. For four or five years I ate the strongest intellectual food that the Church could furnish me. But I was starving my heart by trying to feed my brain. All this time I was trying to seek God. I would break down and cry over my condition. God blessed my labors, and souls were converted. But I was having a terrible struggle with myself. I felt my whole life to be one unending will struggle. I suffered more than tongue can tell from melancholy. An unkind or unfavorable criticism, or an apparent neglect, would often hurl my spirits into deepest gloom. I grew tired of living in the public eye; tired of routine work; but most tired of myself. My wife was sick, and I could not bear sickness. I had a great deal of trouble that others did not see was trouble, and yet sorely tried me.

In October, 1876, I began to seek holiness again. I was now filled with all sorts of notions. I said, I will grow into it. Then I took up the repression theory, then the Zinzendorf theory. I was like a sailor, first setting his sails one way, then another.

One cannot always tell by the way a man talks what he thinks. Three weeks before I was sanctified I said in a preachers' meeting, "When God converts a soul he makes it as pure as it ever will be," and at the same time I was seeking holiness.

About this time a local preacher came and said to me: "Would you object to having a few holiness people from Cincinnati come up and hold a three-days' holiness-meeting?" I told him I should be very glad to have them come. On the 1st day of December, 1876, the holiness-meeting began. That night, after my wife had retired, I prayed for an hour, as was my custom. Sometimes the next day I would get mad, and my wife would say, "I am ashamed of you. I am afraid you have not a bit of religion, and you preaching as you do." I felt ashamed, and yet I would sometimes defend myself, and then go away and pray and cry over it. But that Friday night I was teachable as I lay on the edge of the bed, with my hand under my cheek and my face toward the door so as not to disturb any one. Then the Lord began to talk to me. "Will you do all for my glory?" "Yes, Lord." "Suppose your wife will not believe and accept it, will you receive it?" "Yes, Lord." "Will you consent for me to make your family sick; your wife sick?" "Yes, Lord; give me the blessing." "Will you let me take your health in my hand—give you bronchitis or consumption?" "Yes, Lord." "Any time I send for you, will you come?" "Yes, Lord. Any time you want me to die, I will consent to go." "Will you consent to leave those large appointments you have been having? Will you consent to take a poor appointment for me?" "Yes, Lord, I

will take the poorest appointment in Indiana if it is thy will." (And there were some poor ones.) "Suppose I want you to go and preach among the Freedmen, will you go?" I said, "Yes, Lord, if it is thy will." "Will you give up your tobacco, that your body may be my clean temple?" I had tried several times to give it up, but would go back to it again. I said, "Yes, Lord, I will give it up. I will do any thing. Give me the blessing." When I got all through I dropped to sleep. I do not know how it was, but when I waked up next morning I found the appetite for tobacco was gone. I never have taken back that consecration.

The following Monday, December 4, at noon, I went into my study and began reading the Scriptures, with the first chapter of First Peter: "Peter, an Apostle of Jesus Christ. . . . Elect according to the pre-knowledge of God the Father through sanctification of the Spirit." I stopped. "There," said I, "that is sanctification." "Whom having not seen ye love." "I do love thee, and I know thou lovest me." "In whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." As I uttered these words God let loose a Niagara of salvation in my soul. I walked back and forth shouting, Glory to God! After a time that subsided into a calm.

My next appointment was where the church was very worldly. Still there were some lowly ones, as

there are in all churches. The Lord saved some there; but I had a terrible time. I got rash and said harsh things. I would say things that took the skin off. Instead of encouraging and strengthening the weak I would strike hard blows. Several times I lost the witness of holiness and would have to fly back to the fountain. Sometimes I acted wrong with my wife. I tried to hurry her along and have her get the experience as I did. It was not her nature, and it could not be expected she would get it as I did. Sometimes, perhaps, I would say things to try to urge her along too fast; then I would see I had done wrong and ask her pardon. Then I would go to the Lord and say, "Put me in the fountain."

I went to another place, and began urging men too fast. An old man, the one who led Bishop Hamline into sanctification, came to me and put his arms around me and said, "You are preaching holiness in the wrong way." About that time I had a sort of vision. I thought I saw a large flock of sheep. Some were scratched with thorns, some with the wool off; others had horns; then there were lambs. I was walking around among the sheep with a club trying to keep them right. I saw I was wrong. This was three years after I had been cleansed.

Then I was in a hurry. I wanted to be as perfect as Paul in all things, right away.

The Lord has since melted me down and softened my heart. I love all God's people. The devil has tried, on one side, to make me too tame. I had been too radical, and when I began to be too conservative the Lord brought me back. I was like a pendulum —first swinging too far this way, and then the Lord would bring me back.

And now, after suffering many defeats, learning many lessons in this Canaan of Perfect Love, I praise God for the trials of my faith and for his marvelous keeping power. I have learned that I must be an uncompromising, unwavering witness to the cleansing power of Christ; that I must not make an idol of holiness or holy people; that I must not lean upon my emotions, but must walk by faith, and sometimes in seasons of darkness; that Satan tempts and tries me more directly and boldly than ever before; that I must often be dead to things and plans that are in themselves innocent; must sow and reap, or sow and let others reap. My heart breaks down under a delicious burden of humble and adoring praise to the wonderful Jesus. I have no will of my own. My will is the will of my Father. A sense of utter nothingness is growing upon me, together with an increasing sense of the merit of Jesus.

G. D. WATSON.

WINDSOR, FLA., *March* 12, 1887.

XII.

REV. B. F. CRARY, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born in Jennings County, Indiana, December 12, 1821, and was converted to God in January, 1839, while at school at Pleasant Hill, Ohio. The revival was under a most devoted Presbyterian minister. My conversion was clear, and my peace with God constant and wonderful for months. I was admitted to the Indiana Conference in the fall of 1845, and had been for three years before that under a strong impression that I ought to preach. I had most of the time a consciousness of pardoned sin and fellowship with God, but felt at times great depression of spirits and doubt about my duty.

I did not readily yield to my conviction that I ought to preach, but instead pursued my own chosen path and studied law, and was admitted to practice. I always felt a degree of happiness in talking to others about religious matters, and was active in Christian work. In the summer of 1845 I yielded so far to the voice of the Spirit as to submit my case to the will of the Church, intending to take the decision of the Conference as a final

providential direction. I was admitted, and sent to a large circuit.

My conversion had been instantaneous, and about midnight, and the joy of it kept me up all night. So I never doubted that, but had times of dense darkness through which I fought with desperation, holding to the fact of my regeneration and to God's promise. In preaching I had times of great triumph, and then again was overwhelmed with confusion bordering on despair. It seemed as though I was left to myself, and my weakness was unaccountable and my doubts very distressing.

In 1847 I read with great care *The Life of John Fletcher*, and also his treatise on *Christian Perfection*. I read them on horseback, studying, praying, and often weeping over them and over my own want of such experiences. In 1849, at a revival meeting, in the month of July, while many souls were seeking Christ and I was profoundly interested and affected in talking with them, and was very happy in my own soul, I was led into a faith and an expereience I never had before.

While kneeling at the "mourners' bench" and directing a poor sinner how to trust God, a devoted sister, who knew my own convictions and experience, and who enjoyed perfect love herself, said to me very quietly, "Brother Crary, you had better try that yourself, and trust God for full salvation." I said then and there, "I will; I do; bless the Lord!"

This meeting was near Bedford, Lawrence County, Indiana. I had after that a constant experience of the love of God in my soul, and never afterward went back so far that I fell into the doubts and depressions which before that gave me so much trouble. It was a quiet, subdued, constant peace and joy. I had afterward a time of long and fearful trials, sickness, sorrow and death in my family, stroke after stroke, until a shivering dread of disease and death came over me. I did not fear for myself, but for my remaining children and friends.

I then learned the meaning of "Thy will be done," and finally could say it and feel it. Before that I thought I could and would do any thing for Christ; now I learned to suffer and bear it patiently. That was another great victory, and I rejoiced and was glad, and sang and triumphed. My faith became fixed and I took to myself God's promises. Then I entered into another state of temptation from most unfortunate financial troubles. They were small, but no less grievous. I never lost faith in God nor gave up my trust in any way, but was helpless, not, as I believed, from my own fault, and I had to bear a most cruel weight of suspicion and sometimes harsh accusations. I paid, month by month, debts that oppressed me, and grieved in silence and alone. This I had to bear through weary years. On a small salary I contrived to save

some and pay what I could. I dared not go in debt any more nor borrow any thing. During this time I could not explain, and I grew naturally cautious about saying much concerning, my Christian experience; but I never denied God nor lost my faith.

Intimate friends blamed me sometimes for being so troubled over this matter. I found myself helpless and broken over this most unfortunate affair. I believe I had friends who could and would have helped me, but I did not ask them nor tell them. But now, having done what I could alone, and having left all with God, still hoping, working, and trusting, I find that my faith has grown into full assurance, and my peace flows like a river. Goodness and mercy fill up the days and nights, and my soul often cries out, "God is good!" I never mistook regeneration for Christian perfection. Both experiences were clear and definite epochs in my life. I have always preached that the Christian may, and indeed must, be sanctified wholly. At this time, March 4, 1887, I find my faith simple and my peace perfect. I put myself and my family in God's hands with such a sweet and precious trust that my burden seems all cast upon the Lord. I find myself in the most joyful fellowship with God's people. My whole soul overflows with gratitude and praise. So I have enjoyed this gift and grace thirty-eight years, during which I have never lost

this sense of rest and peace with God, though at times in the midst of manifold troubles. I had lived, after my conversion, ten years in a state too fluctuating and uncertain, and had sought perfect love most earnestly at intervals, but did not find it until I fully believed and obtained the baptism of power through the Holy Ghost. I have never in the least degree lost faith in my brethren in the Church nor joined with those who indulged in fault-finding and denunciations, but have lived in peace, and done what I could to save souls, having the sweetest fellowship with all Christians.

B. F. CRARY.

San Francisco, Cal., *March* 5, 1887.

XIII.

LUKE WOODARD.

(FRIEND.)

I WAS born at New Garden, Wayne County, Indiana, on March 12, 1832. My parents were members of the Society of Orthodox Friends; were exemplary, godly people; and hence I enjoyed the advantages of careful training. While I was, during my youth and early manhood, preserved from immorality and kept a tender conscience, I was not converted till my twenty-fifth year.

My awakening was sudden and very powerful. Independent of any immediate instrumentality, "an horror of great darkness fell upon" me at midnight. I trembled violently at the sight of my guilty and undone condition. I cried to the Lord, but, for want of a clear understanding of the blessed doctrine of justification by faith, I did not for some weeks get the assurance that my sins were forgiven, and find peace with God. But suddenly Christ revealed himself to me, and I was overcome with the joyous sense that I was accepted in him.

I soon began to tell others what the Lord had done for me, and he opened the precious truths of

his word to me and called me to preach his Gospel. "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." I never broke the covenant I made to endeavor to be faithful in this service, and he blessed me and enlarged my gift, which, in due time, was indorsed by the Church; and I had some seals to my ministry.

Some years after I began to preach, while realizing that I had not lost my hold on Christ or backslidden, I became conscious of internal conflicts like that described in the 7th of Romans. I understood the full meaning of the words, "If I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." By a combination of providential occurrences I was brought to understand, in a measure, the doctrine of entire sanctification as a result of the baptism with the Holy Ghost, received upon condition of definite consecration to God and the prayer of faith. Here Satan took advantage, and presented the fearful responsibility involved in such a consecration as I saw it to be, to give myself wholly and forever to God.

I saw it meant more than to consecrate myself to his service in any particular work. It was like signing a blank sheet, leaving it for God to fill out as he chose. The devil paraded before me the possibility that I might be called to go to Africa, and this I feared I would not do, and he made me believe it was "better not to vow than to vow and not pay." Now my agony of soul became great.

It was like Bunyan's pilgrim's fight with Apollyon. I many times groaned, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

At length, while engaged with some brethren in Michigan in holding some meetings in the autumn of 1871, I heard yet more definite instruction on this most important feature of Christian experience. Early in the morning of October 31 of this year, in the city of Adrian, as I was communing with my own heart upon my bed alone, I made this resolve: "I will go to the meeting this morning, and there, it may be, I will receive the longed-for baptism," when something seemed to whisper, "Why not now?" And at once I responded, "And why not now?" And with that I seemed to sink into the will of God. I hardly knew how, but O, such a flood of glory as covered me! My whole being seemed permeated with divine power and joy unspeakable. I wept tears of joy. That morning I made a formal consecration at the family altar, and went to the meeting and testified to what God had done for my soul.

The first test I had was the suggestion that when I returned home I should say nothing about it, or speak of it only in general terms and let people judge from my life. But I soon saw that my covenant of consecration meant to speak for God as his witness, and he gave me the victory. I have not been free from various tests and severe temptations,

but the gracious Lord has been with me, and while there have been times of momentary wavering yet at no time have I lapsed entirely from this experience, and the Lord has taught me many precious lessons of his truth, and blessed to my greater establishment in holiness some very severe trials; and through the exceeding riches of his grace I can now say the blood cleanseth and the Comforter abideth within my heart. Glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

LUKE WOODARD.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., *June* 18, 1887.

XIV.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

(METHODIST.)

THERE were no circumstances in my early life especially friendly to the doctrine or experience of entire sanctification, except that the Divine Spirit called me in early years to the Christian life and made me very susceptible to religious influences. So that at ten years of age I had a fair apprehension of the nature of sin, a dread of God's displeasure because of it, and a strong desire to be guided to the knowledge of salvation. But mine was a home without prayer, or Bible, or godly influence, yet I prayed and lived in daily fear of the consequences of sin from childhood.

The Wesleyan Sabbath-schools of England, to which I owe much of my early convictions and character, were supplied with the best library-books relating to the Christian life, and until my sixteenth year I read these with great avidity. At the age of sixteen I was thoroughly converted, after three months of diligent seeking; so converted as to be forever spoiled for a mixed life. My hunger for good books was now greatly increased. I read the writings of Wesley, Fletcher,

Clark, and the biographies of early Methodism. I was deeply convicted for the blessing of a clean heart, and obtained it in six months after my conversion—while reading *The Life of Hester Ann Rogers*. I did not, of course, understand the philosophy of the doctrine, or its relation to my needs; but, daily beset by the most violent antagonisms to the Christian life, I felt the need of something which would give me greater strength and rest.

At twelve years of age, while working in the cotton mill, I was severely injured, so that during the four following years I suffered greatly from pain and poverty. Out of this came the advantage to me of a lowly mind—a simple, confiding heart, ready to receive the truth and light of the Spirit. By severe discipline from my earliest years I had also obtained self-reliance, and courage to attempt and pursue to the end whatever I felt to be my duty. Thus had God prepared me to welcome this self-crucifying doctrine and life of perfect love. I had little to give up, for my estate and prospects were exceedingly limited.

But I gave myself intelligently, deliberately, forever. And my heart was open as the flower to welcome the light and warmth of divine love. It was morning at last; the night had seemed long to me, for I had no happy childhood; the light had come, and how I welcomed it! I now entered

the Beulah-land life, without any purpose to experiment on the subject of full salvation by avowing it only while favorable and convenient. My consecration was, like my marriage in later years, for life, without drift, but with growing love. And after forty-six years of its experience and profession, and often of reproach, my purpose is unchanged. For with me the logic of the doctrine is very short, sharp and direct. Either I can be holy or I cannot. If I can I must, for God wills it. He cannot approve in me the opposite of his will. Fellowship with him, therefore, is impossible without obedience, for less than obedience is sin. God offers to make me holy through my faith in the atonement of Christ, and to maintain in my heart and life that holiness by the ministry and inreigning of the Holy Spirit. Less than glad acceptance of his grace is rejection, and rejection is sin. I cannot be a sinning child of God and heir of heaven. But I must be his child; I am in great earnest to get to heaven. He approved in his servants of old their plain delaration that they sought a heavenly country. I love his approval more than I love the light of my eyes. Mine shall be a plain declaration daily that I am going to heaven. Then I must be holy. I can be holy. I will. I rely this moment on his power to make me clean, and he doeth it; by faith I walk, live, and sing in liberty, victory and joy.

"How did I become established?" It is difficult to answer this question. For nothing in my life of consecration supplies me with a starting-point for thought. As well ask the obedient and loving child of a wise and devoted parent, "How do you manage to keep from running away from home?" Or the godly and devoted husband, "How do you keep from drift?" Each would say what I want to say, "I never have thought of drift." Love knows nothing of drift, or vacillation, or weariness, in its constancy. My only answer is, I saw the King and loved him perfectly, and with my increasing years my vision of God is enlarged; so is my love. My heart was defiled, even after my thorough conversion. He promised to make me clean and then to put his Holy Spirit within the heart he had cleansed. He did it. He doeth it now. He keeps me satisfied, but O, so hungry. "They that know thy name," thy perfections, "will put their trust in thee." I know his name. He deigns to reveal himself to me every day; and thus I am abased in my own eyes, but exalted in his. He keeps me clean and strong and free.

It takes an all-consuming and separating love to settle and establish heart and mind in the fullness of gospel liberty and rest, and to die to unholy ambition for pre-eminence or popular favor. God could not trust me with distinction or popular favor or wealth. He has trusted me with his com-

munion and kept me lowly, and I am satisfied. The books I prefer do not suggest doubt; I have enough of that without feeding it. The society I seek does not weaken me by dissipation. The unfriendliness of the average church to the subject gives me pain, but no fear. I have stood alone many, many times; I can do so to the end. I have reached a place in Christian life where my own company is a pleasure to me, for my conscience attests my sincerity and the Holy Spirit attests that I am clean through the blood. There are forty-six years of this life behind me, an eternity before me. I am established; He has done it. "Rooted and built up in him, established in the faith, abounding therein with thanksgiving." Hallelujah!

JOHN PARKER.

HAMDEN, CONNECTICUT, *July* 11, 1887.

XV.

CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.*

(METHODIST.)

FROM the very hour of my birth, in 1849, I was surrounded by the best Christian influence. My father has stood for nearly half a century in the foremost rank of aggressive Christian workers in the city of Baltimore, and by his side I had ever the example of one of those sweet, gentle, patient, loving mothers, whose presence seems always to reflect a little of heaven's light upon the darkness of this world.

I cannot remember when I was not subject to deep convictions of sin and sensible of my duty toward God; yet, as a school-boy, I wandered far from the path of truth until the age of fifteen, when, under the blessed influences of the cadet prayer-meeting in the Pennsylvania Military Academy, I made a profession of faith in Jesus and united with the Presbyterian Church—my parents' denomination.

I was happy, but I made the common mistake of our day; I did not forsake my old companions and habits, and the inevitable result followed. For four-

* For twenty years of the Pennsylvania Military Academy.

teen years I lived the up-and-down experience so bitterly familiar to the average church member. I attended church, went to the prayer-meeting, took part in it quite frequently, spoke on religious subjects and on temperance, always from a gospel stand-point; and unquestionably I grew in grace to some extent. I never enjoyed myself so much as when I was working in Mr. Moody's inquiry-meetings in Baltimore, in 1878-9; and yet, even up to that time, I was continually slipping and falling before tempers or desires, in some form or other. Confession and prayer brought forgiveness, and I was very sure that I was God's child, so that when asked, "Are you a Christian?" I never thought of answering in any other way than, "Yes, thank the Lord."

But all this time there was a tremendous conviction of a great *inward* need, a cry from my soul that God would take away from my heart these internal desires toward evil. I had never read a line on the subject; had never heard a sermon on the Holy Ghost or upon the subject of sanctification; had never been to a camp-meeting nor entered a Methodist church more than three times. But my soul cried out for complete deliverance, and God's *unlimited promises* stood out like stars above me. But I was not ready and willing to pay the price.

In the summer of 1879, my heart, which had been chronically diseased for seven years, resisting the

remedies of the ablest physicians, and refusing to grow better even after three years spent in sheep-ranching among the mountains of California, suddenly broke down so seriously as to bring me to the very verge of the grave. I had heard a little of the "prayer of faith" for healing, but I felt persuaded that it would border upon blasphemy to ask God for a strength which I did not propose to use wholly for him; and hence it was that this desire for health only increased the sense of the necessity for a great and entire consecration.

Kneeling alone in my mother's room in Baltimore, in the month of July, I made a consecration that covered every thing. I have never been compelled to renew it, for it included all. To die at once—a young man; to live and suffer; to live and recover; *to be, to do, to suffer any thing for Jesus*—this was my consecration. All doubtful things were swept aside and a large margin left on God's side. I knew in my soul that I meant every word; and so I have never had any doubts about it since. A certain sense of peace and quietness gradually came over me. I never had any sudden overpowering manifestation; and I found the whole Bible wonderfully open to my vision and marvelously satisfying to my soul, as it had never been before. I seemed to live in a constant prayer; and in fact I have lived this way nearly all the time that has elapsed since then.

Feeling now all the more impressed with God's healing promises I sought to find Jehovah Rophi; and, in order to obey the word like a little child, I concluded to go to Boston and ask prayer and anointing at the hands of Dr. Cullis. I was terribly weak, but I went. All this experience has been written and published at length elsewhere, and I will only add that I returned in three days, walking by faith, and not by feeling, resumed my college work in September, and at once engaged in all kinds of religious work. I was healed by the power of God alone. Praise the Lord!

Within two months I united with the Methodist Church, owing to certain providential circumstances; and here I began to encounter the terminology which was exceedingly unpleasant to my ear, trained among the Presbyterians. But I promptly settled all these difficulties by declaring that I accepted all the terms found in Scripture, joined in all scriptural prayer, and aimed at every scriptural target with the expectation of hitting it by the infinite grace of God.

Perhaps the crucial point was passed in this way: Undervaluing the deep peace in my soul and the great hunger for the word which continually possessed me, not seeing that these were evidences of the Spirit's presence, I yearned and cried after some great manifestation. But one night, after lying in an agony of supplication upon my floor for hours, I

rose up, and, lifting my hand to heaven, said, "O, Lord, if I never *feel* any more than I do now to the day of judgment I will believe on thy word that Jesus saves me now. If the children of Israel could shout over Jericho when not one stone in its walls had fallen, I can do the same." And I began saying aloud, "Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now!"

God, the angels, and the devils heard it. But my audience all understood that I *meant* "sanctified wholly;" so the Lord got the honor of a complete work even from ignorant lips, and *gradually* the conviction grew in my soul that it was really true. This inward conviction or persuasion I soon recognized as the longed-for "witness of the Spirit," and then, for the first time, I knew those thrills of heavenly joy which have been styled the "effusions of the Holy Ghost."

From this point in my life a most distinct experience began. All sense of duty-service vanished, and a glad love-service took its place. All those desperate conflicts with the will of God, which we are pleased to call our "crushing trials," "sore afflictions," resolved themselves into the dear Lord's wisely-chosen methods for enlarging the vessel in order that he might pour into it more of his grace and love. Growth was marvelous and *permanent*—a wonderful difference from the years when so much time was occupied in rebuilding. There was no

desert life here; no despondency; no cloud of unbelief; no sense of condemnation. The most marked *inward leanings* toward sin which had bitterly cursed my Christian life were so conspicuous by their absence that in wonder and amazement I cried, "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?" and was greatly established by the thought that if God could take away one such besetting sin could he not remove two? And if two, why not all?

Here I wish to be very clear. Let not the reader suppose that during these years there has been no occasion for self-examination or of disappointment at my record. All along the line I was frequently surprised at *new discoveries*. Things which had seemed perfectly right and proper became objects of inward suspicion. Something suggested, "You ought not to do this or to speak so; it is not right." But whenever this occurred a prompt willingness to turn on the most searching light was always felt; and if, after a thorough examination in the light of the word, the thing appeared to smell of evil, it was always cheerfully relinquished, no *inward desire* to go counter to the will of God being experienced. In fact, this has always been the great test question: Is it the will of God? His will, when known, is mine always; not from duty, but from free, spontaneous choice. Praise the Lord!

I have had some trouble with my body at times, for the body is very imperious. The necessity of

"keeping the body under" has been always felt. Let none misunderstand me here. I do not mean the "body of sin," or "the carnal mind." That was burned up, and its desires against God's will eradicated, by the consuming fire of the Holy Ghost when God wholly sanctified my soul as related above. But this physical body, with its various appetites and nerves, must be kept under all the time. Not one of these appetites nor one of these nerves is in any degree sinful or impure in itself. It is only the wrong use of these which constitutes sin and brings condemnation. There is not a particle of sin in my feeling hunger, or thirst, or the sexual appetite, for God has made them all, and his work is good. But there is sin in indulging any of them in a wrong way or in entertaining or possessing the real *desire* to so indulge them. If my nerves are overtaxed I must and will feel nervous; there is no sin in that. But I must not experience irritation and anger in the heart as an accompaniment, for in this lies sin. I may be, and am, when such emergencies arise, tempted to think of such indulgences or tempers; but the temptation is not sin if the heart answers not again.

This lesson was rather difficult to learn; and while studying it I was at various times a little confused as to the exact power and shades of meaning in the terminology of Bible holiness; but the blessed Spirit brought me through in safety; and now I see

it as, perhaps, the most important lesson of my life thus far, and as the testing-ground where so many sanctified Christians are led astray.

My experience is my own, and acknowledges no human master, and, therefore, I cannot stop in a certain rut, I must go farther. From the very first I conceived a deep, and even desperate, determination to "follow on to *know the Lord*." No pen can emphasize these words as they were emphasized in my soul. Year by year passed away, and an almost infinite yearning for a deeper manifestation of my Lord filled my very being. Suffice it to say that at Mountain Lake Park Camp-meeting, in July, 1885, this prayer of years was answered. I can hardly tell how, except that my Saviour became so inexpressibly real to me that all language fails to describe it. It has seemed these two years as though my friends, my wife, even myself, are less real to me than my adorable Saviour, my living Father, my blessed Comforter. After about eight months some small degree of this marvelous nearness to Jesus seemed to me to pass away, I think through a slowness to follow the Spirit with reference to a certain point. But in July, 1887, while again at Mountain Lake Park, the blessed Holy Ghost wonderfully and entirely healed me of a very serious attack of brain prostration resulting from various causes, largely unavoidable; and with this restoration all seems to be regained.

To-day I am a sinner saved by grace, a repentant rebel fully pardoned by my God, a law-breaker justified freely by the "Judge of all the earth," the offspring of evil adopted into the family of the Lord, a trusting believer cleansed from inbred sin by the blood of Jesus Christ and sanctified wholly by the Holy Ghost, a child of the King, healed of my diseases by the Great Physician. I am beset, yet full of hope; tempted and tried most sorely, yet strong in the Lord; tossed about by circumstances, yet on the Rock of Ages; enduring misrepresentation and slander and suspicion, yet praising God for the victory Jesus wins over all; daily realizing more and more my own nothingness and the wonderful ALLNESS of Jesus. Praise the Lord!

R. KELSO CARTER.

YARDVILLE, N. J., *August* 11, 1887.

XVI.

MARY R. DENMAN.

(EPISCOPALIAN.)

WHEN my pastor asked me, at the age of fifteen, to be confirmed, I said, "I would like to do so, but have not met with a change of heart." His answer was: "Whence did the desire to become a Christian originate? Certainly it did not come from the Evil One." Hence he advised me to join the Church. I have always been glad that I followed his advice, for when tempted as a young lady to go into the gayety of the world I felt the restraint, particularly during the season of Lent. As a Church member, when the communion season came around, I must partake of the Lord's Supper, and in some way I always tried to prepare my heart to receive it. After I was married I tried hard to induce my husband to join the Church, as I had done, but we were of the world and worldly. There came a time when I realized that I did not love God with all my heart, as I was taught every Sunday it was my duty to do. I was simple-minded enough to go on my knees and ask God to teach me to love him with all my heart. He took me at my word and

taught me to do so. Soon after this, upon my return to New Orleans, I thought the church members had changed, for they all seemed so willing to talk on the subject of religion. The change was with me. This I consider was the date of my conversion. I was soon tested to know if I loved God with all my heart. He took to himself a precious daughter when she was only about four months old. This affliction I bore cheerfully, feeling that God would bless it to my husband, which he did, and when, six years afterward, he took him to himself, I claimed the promises given to the widow. He has been true to his promise for over twenty years. I still had a longing in my heart for something more satisfying. While in this state of mind I learned that a number of Christian people were coming to our city to hold a series of meetings. They were called "higher-life Christians." I heard one minister in these meetings tell of the "Rest of Faith" he had in his soul. My spirit responded, "That is what I want;" and, knowing that God was not a respecter of persons, I believed he would give it to me if I would meet the conditions. I sought and found this grace. I delighted in this new joy, and, desiring to meet with Christians who enjoyed the same blessing, I was invited to go to a camp-meeting. My answer was "No; I am not a Methodist." But the friend said, "This is not a Methodist camp-meeting; it is a national one, where all denom-

inations meet." I concluded to go with my friend, she making all arrangements for me. I praise God for Sea Cliff camp-meeting. Having the great joy of the Saviour in my heart I did not feel the need of having the roots of bitterness taken out. But I soon saw there was something more for me, and that God was talking to my heart and questioning me, to see if my will was in subjection to his. One test was, "Would I establish the family altar on my return home?" I was in the habit of praying with my children, but establishing the family altar would involve the cross of praying before visitors, and some very worldly ones. I had said "yes" to this, when in the night came deeper questions, preparing me for temperance work. "Would I speak for Him before large congregations if my children and every friend on earth turned against me?" This I could not answer, for I felt it would cut me off from all my earthly supports. Still I found it must be answered, or I would never know peace again. I called Sister Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, who was in the next tent. She, being awake, put a blanket around her and came to my bed-side and prayed with me, making very clear to my mind that God would not ask any thing of me that he would not give me strength to perform. When my will was broken a wondrous peace came into my soul. I have often been asked "Has this peace remained all these fifteen years? and how have you kept it?" My

answer is, by saying "I will" to God, and then doing his bidding. Very soon I was called to work for him in the temperance cause. I began by being willing to lead in ladies' prayer-meetings. After seven years' constant work for the Master, when the women would not release me, the dear Lord did, by laying me by with paralysis.

But O how wondrously He has healed me since in answer to prayer! How could I let go my faith in the Almighty arm which did and continues to do so much for me? I do not say that I have been freed from trial or temptation. These I never expect to be free from while in the body. But I can say, with St. Paul, "that with the temptation a way of escape" has always been made, and I have not lost the deep peace in my soul, I do not remember that I have ever felt power in myself to stand alone, and therefore have always looked to and expected my precious Saviour to keep me. He has never forsaken me. There was a time for about two days when Satan tried to make me think I had not received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, because I had not had just such an experience as another dear friend. But just as soon as I got quiet before God, the Holy Spirit carried me back in mind to that night on Sea Cliff camp-ground, and I have never doubted since. I do not always experience the same joy, but it is there, down in my heart, like the water in the bosom of the earth waiting the

opportunity of the driven well. If I were to be disobedient to his loving command, and leave him, and look for my pleasures in other fields than he lays out for me, I should expect to lose my peace. But why should I do so, when he is my all and in all?

MARY R. DENMAN.

NEWARK, N. J., *October* 12, 1887.

XVII.

ANNA M. HAMMER.

(EPISCOPALIAN).

I WAS born in the town of Pottsville, Pa., in the year 1840. My father was a Quaker and my mother an Episcopalian, an earnest Christian woman, and one who early taught my young lips to pray and to value the word of God. At the age of nine years I became greatly convicted of sin. I cried in agony at the thought of death, but finally the impression wore away. I have no recollection of any other especial experience till I reached the age of fourteen, when a young man (soon to become a relative), an earnest Christian and member of the Episcopal Church, urged me to give my heart to God and join the Church. My dear mother mingled her prayers with his, and at that point I date my conversion. We removed immediately to the town of Wilkesbarre, Pa., and I there came under the pastorate of the Rev. George D. Miles, of blessed memory, rector of the Episcopal church, and a truly evangelical man. The means of grace under which I was brought at that time did much to form my Christian character and implanted in

my heart a love for the pure and true and holy, which not even the claims of a fashionable, gay life, were able to entirely dissipate; for I did enter into a life of amusement, which was a great grief to my dear pastor and spiritual friend. This gay life was not one of unmixed pleasure, for I keenly felt all the way through that my spiritual life was suffering because of it. After my marriage I gave up dancing, to please my husband, who strongly disapproved of that amusement. In 1864 my husband moved to Newark, N. J., and after a few years we came under the ministry of Rev. Dr. William R. Nicholson (now Bishop Nicholson), and under his earnest, spiritual teachings I found my soul greatly quickened. The entire loss of fortune and the death of my first-born son, and also of an elder brother, all within a few short years, served to draw me nearer to the Lord, and my Christian life grew sweeter and deeper. There came a time, in 1874, when, having become a member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, I attended a female prayer-meeting held every week in the vestry-room. Upon one occasion, a very rainy day, I found but one dear woman at the meeting, and she told me how mightily the Lord had blessed her soul, so that she cried out to him to stay his hand. I was completely captivated by this account. I never before had heard such an experience. The next day I was lying upon my bed resting and thinking over the wonderful story

of the day before, when the thought came, "God is no respecter of persons; what he has done for her he can and will do for me." I knelt and prayed, and asked for just what I wanted, and O, how God did pour his Holy Spirit into my soul and give such a love for souls and hunger for work! I have always spoken of that baptism as "my anointing for service." I then consecrated myself fully to the Lord, and especially to the temperance work. In this state I lived an outwardly consecrated, purified life, having the grace given me to prevent the outward manifestation of anger and kindred sins, so that even some of my most intimate friends, who enjoyed the baptism of the Holy Spirit as a distinct second experience, thought I enjoyed the same blessing. I sometimes agreed with them, but oftener distrusted having had any such experience. Finally a great hunger of soul came upon me. I knew there were in the corners of my heart things known only to myself and God, and I realized that nothing short of the "anointing which abideth" would satisfy my soul and fit me fully as a worker for God. In July, 1880, the first assembly of the Woman's Holiness Camp-meeting was held at Camp Tabor, New Jersey. I went there with the fixed intention to get all the Lord had in reserve for me. I was under deep conviction of soul, and for three days I was in an agony of tears, as one friend said, "dying hard." I held out on points

which now seem very ridiculous, but then they assumed proportions which appeared serious enough. But all this time the hunger and the aching increased till I could no longer resist the pleadings of the Spirit, and then came my second consecration. I said, "Lord, all I have or all I ever will have; all I am or all I ever may be; all I know or all I ever may know, I put now upon the altar." I knew the "altar sanctified the gift," and I bound my offering to the "horns of the altar" and waited for the fire. For hours, forgetting all my prejudices, I was prostrate in the straw. The meeting broke up, but there I remained, a few friends around awaiting the result. I am glad no one talked to me; my soul was in quiet communion with God. Finally a dear minister of God came upon the ground, and, seeing the unusual gathering, asked what it meant. Some one replied, "An honest soul seeking the blessing," and another added, "She is an Episcopalian." With great heartiness he responded, "Well, he is the God and Father of us all." Then the fatherhood of God peculiarly struck me, and I raised my head to confirm the thought, when with the action the anointing came. I was shaken as with a violent ague; over and over and over again the shock came, finally leaving me so prostrated that I was helped over to the cottage, where I lay on the lounge for hours bathed in glory. From that hour my Christian life has been victory.

I have grown year by year in the depth of experience which becomes richer and deeper and sweeter as the years roll on. I have made mistakes, but they are under the blood; I have had temptations, but early I learned that they were not sin unless yielded to. But O, the delights of a life wholly given up to God!

I have no doubt as to my conversion, that I was "born again;" that, being "dead in trespasses and sins," I was made "alive in God." At the time of my anointing by the Holy Spirit I was living a consecrated life of faith and active service. My sanctification was a second actual experience, and from that time my life has been changed, is deeper, stronger, steadier, sweeter, richer. The life I have lived for the last seven years has been wonderfully free from condemnation. I have more than once done ignorantly that for which I sorrowed afterward, but handed it immediately over to the Lord and felt the blood applied. Praise the Lord!

ANNA M. HAMMER.

NEWARK, N. J., *July* 18, 1887.

XVIII.

REV. B. K. PEIRCE, D.D.

(METHODIST.

I WAS born February 3, 1819, in Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont.

I was, I think, soundly converted on the Island of Nantucket, when a boy of about twelve years of age. But, not joining the Church, I lost my spiritual life and fell away from the Saviour, although I did not give up prayer. I was renewed in Lynn, Mass., in a revival in my father's church when about seventeen, in 1836. My evidence of the new birth came very gradually, but very clearly, while I was attempting to point the way to a seeking friend.

Soon after this I went to Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. My collegiate course was a severe trial to my faith, but in the last year at college (1841) I began to preach, joining the New England Conference in 1842, and was blessed with seasons of revival. But, although I had no doubt of my previous sonship in the family of God, my experience did not take on a clear, positive, well-rounded form until after that MEMORABLE NIGHT of prayer in the second year of my ministry, 1843,

at Newburyport, Mass. The social meetings in my church were interesting; the congregations increased. But there began to be felt a need of deep religious interest, and the expediency of calling in an evangelist was discussed. On this Sunday evening after service I returned to my study. I was alone. The family was absent. I had become greatly depressed at not seeing the spiritual outcome to my labors which I desired. I said, "Why need the church send for another minister? Is the missing link in myself?" These questions brought me to my knees. I saw my spiritual life to be defective. I had not a sufficiently clear personal apprehension of the whole plan of salvation to preach effectually to others. Inward anxiety became positive distress. Some more definite and pronounced era of the divine life must be reached. Prayer was blind at first, and I was in great trouble. I was shut in on all sides and helpless. I prayed for deliverance even if it cost my life, but the prison walls only drew closer and more fearfully around me. In the midst of this turbulence of emotion and purposeless prayer, it occurred to me, that, like the Jews, I was seeking a sign, something miraculous, when God had made a distinct promise. These words then came to me: "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good things to your children, *how much more* shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Here was the promise of a

divine Guide. Still upon my knees, in this light I wrote out an entire surrender of myself, body, soul and substance, and all pertaining to me, and sought to weigh every word before I solemnly signed my name to it. Now I said: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I grasped the simple, all-embracing truth as never before. In tearful trust I cried,

"Lord, I am lost, but Jesus died."

Unconscious of the passage of time, and still on my knees, in sweet and blissful iteration I said over and over again: "He forgives; *he cleanses from all unrighteousness!*" I hardly knew when I left the kneeling posture, but I found myself walking the room in the early morning hours, saying, "He cleanses from all unrighteousness!" while an indescribable calmness and peace pervaded my whole being.

This baptism of the Spirit was a great inspiration in my pulpit and pastoral work. It illuminated the Holy Scriptures and enriched the daily life. It made the whole plan of salvation very clear and positive. I walked in the light and comfort of this great blessing for a long period, and have never lost a vivid conception of the process by which it was secured.

While chaplain in the House of Refuge, Randall's Island, N. Y., somewhere about the year 1868, I

came again to a remarkable hungering and thirsting for the cleansing of my soul and its full occupation by the Holy Spirit. To this end I devoted a night of prayer and came again into great peace and an absorption of divine things. I could not read any thing but the Bible and devout books, and literally continued in prayer without ceasing. In this state I walked for many months. Its fervor wore off somewhat, the absolute absorption in spiritual things abated, and I again took a general interest in affairs. My reading became more miscellaneous. I did not keep up that incessant communion and loving fellowship with the Saviour, but I did not lose the hold I had gained upon the double office of Christ as pardoning sin and cleansing from all unrighteousness. I was almost unfitted for every thing besides at first, but it was a blessed and a heavenly state. I try now to live in the sight of it. Nothing is so sweet or dear to me as the contemplation of my Saviour in his person and offices, and I long for nothing more than to be like him in spirit and life.

B. K. PEIRCE.

BOSTON, MASS., *March* 3, 1887.

XIX.

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

(FRIEND.)

I WAS born in Philadelphia, Pa., second month, seventh day, 1832. I was converted in Philadelphia, in 1856, in my twenty-sixth year. My conversion was very clear and unmistakable. After long years of legal striving, in which I resorted in vain to every expedient my soul could devise for gaining the favor of God and the forgiveness of all my sins, I was taught to see my own utter helplessness in the matter, and to trust entirely and only to Christ to save me. I knew that I was born again; and never from that time have I doubted this. Never have I had a moment's fear about my acceptance with God, or my present possession of eternal life.

As time passed on the Lord graciously led me into the knowledge of much truth. My guarded education in the Society of Friends, of which I was at that time a member, had already separated me very much from the vain fashions and amusements of the world, and my chief interests were all centered around the religion of Jesus Christ, as the

only object really worthy of serious thought or attention.

But my heart was ill at ease. That I grew in knowledge I could not deny; but neither could I deny that I did not grow in grace; and, at the end of eight years of my Christian life, I was forced to make the sorrowful admission that I had not even as much power over sin as when I was first converted. In the presence of temptation, I found myself weakness itself. It was not my outward walk that caused me sorrow, though I can see now that that was far from what it ought to have been; but it was the sins of my heart that troubled me—coldness, deadness, want of Christian love, intellectual apprehension of truth without any corresponding moral effects, roots of bitterness, want of a meek and quiet spirit—all those inward sins over which the children of God are so often forced to mourn.

I could not but see, that, although I was not under law, but under grace, still sin *had* more or less dominion over me, and I felt that I did not come up to the Bible standard. The Christian life contemplated there was a life of victory and triumph; my life was one of failure and defeat. The commands there given to be holy, to be conformed to the image of Christ, to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, seemed almost a mockery to me, so utterly impossible did I find it to attain to any such standard; for I made very

earnest efforts after it. At times I went through agonies of conflict in my efforts to bring about a different state of things. I resolved, I prayed, I wrestled, I strove; I lashed myself up into the belief that all I held most dear in life could continue to be mine only as I attained to more faithfulness and devotedness of walk. When sickness came upon any whom I loved, many were the vows recorded in the depths of my soul that, if God would but spare their lives, I would henceforth serve him with all my heart. But all was in vain, and, it seemed, even worse than vain. "When I would do good, evil was present with me;" and I could see no hope of deliverance except in death, which, by destroying the "body of sin" to which I was chained, would thus break the yoke of my bondage.

At times some new discovery of the truth of God in the Bible would seem for awhile to carry me above temptation, and to make me more than conqueror. And my heart would rejoice at the thought that now at last I had found the secret of living, and that henceforth my continued defeats would be turned into continued victories. But after a while, as the aspect of truth, in which I had been rejoicing, became familiar to me, I found to my bitter sorrow that it seemed to lose its power, and I was left as helpless as ever, only under deeper condemnation, because of the increased responsibilities of increased knowledge.

There was also another thing that troubled me. I had been taught, and I found in the Bible, that it was my privilege to know the indwelling of the Holy Spirit as a leader and guide to my soul, and I believed that he was indeed indwelling in me, but I felt that experimentally I knew very little about his teaching, and had no actual consciousness of his presence. That it would be an inestimable blessing thus to know him, I realized more and more, as I discovered the utter powerlessness of my own wisdom and judgment to guide me aright, and felt increasingly that, only as the Spirit accompanied and energized my service, was it ever of any avail. But here, too, all my efforts seemed worse than useless, and I found myself only involved in continually increasing perplexity and darkness.

At times the belief forced itself upon me that all Christians were not like me; that the lives of some were full of a degree of devotedness and depth of communion to which I was a stranger; and I wondered what their secret could be. But, supposing it could consist in nothing but their greater watchfulness and earnestness, I knew of no resource but to seek to redouble all my efforts, and to go through the same weary round of conflict and struggle again, only, of course, to meet with the same bitter defeat.

Such was my life; and, in spite of much outward

earnestness and devotedness, I felt it to be a failure. Often I said to myself that if this was all the Gospel of Christ had for me, it was a bitterly disappointing thing. For though I never doubted the fact of my being a child of God, justified and forgiven, a possessor of eternal life, and an heir of a heavenly inheritance, still, when my heart condemned me—and this was almost continually—I could not have confidence toward God, and I was not happy. Heaven itself seemed to lose its charm to the heart that was afar off from God.

I began to long after holiness. I began to groan under the bondage to sin in which I was still held. My whole heart panted after entire conformity to the will of God, and unhindered communion with him. But so thoroughly convinced was I that no efforts, or resolutions, or prayers of my own would be of any avail, and so ignorant was I of any other way, that I was almost ready to give up in despair.

In this time of sore need (1863) God threw into my company some whose experience seemed to be very different from mine. They declared that they had discovered a "way of holiness," wherein the redeemed soul might live and walk in abiding peace, and might be made "more than conqueror" through the Lord Jesus Christ.

I asked them their secret, and they replied, "It is simply in ceasing from all efforts of our own and in trusting the Lord to make us holy."

Never shall I forget the astonishment this answer gave me. "What!" I said, "do you really mean that you have ceased from your own efforts altogether, in your daily living, and that you do *nothing* but trust the Lord? And does he actually and truly make you conquerors?"

"Yes," was the reply, "the Lord does it all. We abandon ourselves to him. We do not even try to live our lives ourselves; but we abide in him, and he lives in us. He works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, and we hold our peace."

Like a revelation the glorious possibilities of a life such as this flashed upon me; but the idea was too new and wonderful for me to grasp. I had never thought of Christ as being such a Saviour as I now heard him described to be. I had known, indeed, that he gave me life in the first place as a free gift, without I myself being able to do one single thing toward obtaining it, except to believe and to receive. But that he should now live my life for me in the same way, without my being able to do any thing except believe and receive, surpassed my utmost conceptions. I had learned how to trust him for the forgiveness of my sins; but I had always trusted myself to conquer them. I had seen the sad error of legality as regarded my redemption; but I was altogether legal in my thoughts as regarded my daily holy living. I had

never dreamed of trusting the Lord for that, and I did not know how to do it.

So I went to work harder than ever. Over and over again I tried to dedicate myself to God. I sought to bind my will with chains of adamant, and to present it a holy offering before the Lord. I lay awake whole nights to wrestle in prayer that God would grant me the blessing he had granted these other Christians. I did every thing, in short, but the one thing needful. I could not believe; I did not trust; and all else was worse than useless. But perhaps not altogether useless; for it taught me very effectually one necessary lesson, and that was my own utter and absolute helplessness.

At last, however, I saw clearly that I was indeed truly nothing; that I needed the Lord just as absolutely for my daily living as I had needed him in the first place to give me life. I discovered that I was just as unable to govern my temper or my tongue for five minutes, as I had been long ago to convert my soul. I found out, in short, the simple truth, which I ought to have learned long before, that without Christ I could do nothing; absolutely nothing. I saw that all my efforts, instead of helping, had only hindered the work.

Then I began anew to search the Scriptures. I found that the salvation he had died to procure was declared to be a perfect salvation, and that he was able to save to the very uttermost. I found that he

offered himself to me as my life, and that he wanted to come into my heart and take full possession there and subdue all things to himself. I felt that this was indeed a gospel to meet my utmost needs, that such a salvation as this would satisfy the widest limit of my longings, and unspeakably I desired to appropriate it as mine.

But here I was met by another enemy, whom I had thought forever slain. It seemed as if I could not trust the Lord; as if I was actually afraid to do so. Legality had been met and conquered, but unbelief still remained, and threatened to shut me out altogether from the promised land of rest. Although God had declared the Lord Jesus to be a perfect Saviour, sufficient for my daily and hourly needs, I could not believe he would really prove to be so. It seemed too great a trust to repose in any one, even in the divine Saviour. But in his infinite love he broke down this last remaining barrier also.

He sent to our house (in 1864) a young man whose soul was in great darkness because of doubts concerning his salvation. It was my privilege to point him to Jesus Christ as a Saviour just suited to meet his needs, and to tell him of the completeness and present reality of the salvation purchased by him. And as I talked to him and set forth the boundless love of Christ, and his divine power to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him, my heart was rebuked for my own unbelief.

Could it be that the Saviour, who was willing to forgive the sins of the rebel, would be unwilling to deliver the longing soul of one, who loved him, and panted to follow him, from the present power and dominion of sin? Was I to urge another to believe that his prayers for forgiveness were answered, when I did not believe that my prayers for conformity to the image of Christ were, or ever would be? My heart shrank back at the thought of such inconsistency, and the last barrier of unbelief was broken down. The Lord revealed himself to me as so worthy of my utmost confidence, that I could not help trusting him. He showed himself to me as a perfect, and complete, and present Saviour, and I abandoned my whole self to his care; telling him that I was utterly helpless, that I could not feel, nor think, nor act, for one moment as I ought to do, and that he must do it all for me—all. I confessed my own absolute inability to dedicate myself to his service, my powerlessness to submit my will to his; and I cast myself, as it were, headlong into the ocean of his love, to have all these things accomplished in me by his almighty working. I trusted him utterly and entirely. I took him for my Saviour from the daily power of sin with as naked a faith as I once took him for my Saviour from its guilt. I believed the truth that he was my practical sanctification, as well as my justification, and that he not only could save me, and would save

me, but that he did. The Lord Jesus Christ became my present Saviour, and my soul found rest at last, such a rest that no words can describe it—rest from all its legal strivings, rest from all its weary conflicts, rest from all its bitter failures. The secret of holiness was revealed to me, and that secret was Christ. Christ made unto me wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

At first my faith was but a weak and wavering one. Almost tremblingly I hung on to Christ moment by moment, saying continually in my heart, "Lord, I trust thee, I trust thee. Look, Lord, I am trusting thee." But I found to my astonishment that it was a practical reality that he did deliver me. When temptation came, I did not try to conquer it myself, but at once handed it over to him, saying, "Lord Jesus, save me from this sin. I cannot save myself, but thou canst and wilt, and I trust thee." Then I left it with him, and he fought for me, while I stood by and held my peace. And he always came off conqueror.

Thus daily my faith grew, and I was able to apprehend more and more of that for which I was apprehended of Christ Jesus. I longed to grasp the utmost limits of the deliverance from sin, purchased for me by the death of Christ. Just what this limit was I did not understand, either in its nature or extent, but I could leave it all to him. I did not indeed know what was the meaning of

that scripture wherein we are told that the body of sin was destroyed by the crucifixion of Christ, and where we are commanded therefore to reckon ourselves dead to sin. (Rom. 6.) But I did know that it meant something which would enable us henceforth not to serve sin, but to bring forth fruit unto holiness; and also that it must mean something which would please and satisfy God. And, since this was God's purpose in the death of Christ, I saw that it must be my privilege to enter into it, although in myself so vile and unworthy. And I saw, also, since Christ had finished the work God gave him to do, that my part in it could only be to accept the gift from his hands; and that that gift, therefore, was mine the moment I trusted God for it. I did therefore trust him definitely for this very thing; and I, even I, was enabled to "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God in Jesus Christ my Lord."

Thus that flesh, which I had discovered to be so utterly corrupt and incapable of improvement, I now found could be reckoned to be dead and consequently abandoned. Necessarily I had at first only a very imperfect comprehension of what this meant, but practically I found, from the very first, that just in proportion as by faith I did abandon the flesh or carnal nature in me, and reckon it to be dead, so also did the flesh lose its power over me to conquer or enslave.

And "according to my faith" I have found it done unto me, ever since. Whenever I, by faith, reckon myself to be dead, I find I am practically dead. In putting off the old man by faith, and putting on the new man, I find that the one is actually put off and the other actually put on. My soul has entered into that interior rest or "keeping of Sabbaths" which the apostle Paul, in Heb. 4. 9, declares "remaineth for the people of God;" and I am dwelling in the "peaceable habitations" and "quiet resting places," promised in Isaiah 32. 18. Not that there are no conflicts. Ah, no! But the battle is no longer mine, but Christ's.

And now, if I am asked what is my life; with a deep and abiding sense of my own nothingness I can only answer that, in so far as I am faithful, Christ is now my life. Once I had truth about him, but now I have himself! Once I tried to live in my new nature, independent of him; now I am joined to him in a oneness that is indescribable, knowing that I have in truth no other life but his, and seeking more and more to live only there. Not that I never leave this blessed abiding-place, and walk in the flesh again, to my unspeakable re-regret. But Christ is always the same, and the way of access by faith is always open; and, thanks be unto God, he is faithful to keep that which I have committed to him, and more and more does he confirm my soul steadfast and immovable in him.

All the former period of my Christian course seems comparatively wasted. I was a child of God, it is true; but my growth was stinted, and my stature feeble. But when this secret of faith was revealed to me, I began to grow; and the dedication, which was before impossible to me, became the very joy of my heart.

Since the time of my entrance into this life I have gone through many "experiences" and have outgrown many "dogmas;" and in some respects my "views" have greatly changed. But, through all, my attitude of soul has remained unchanged. I have sought to keep a continual spirit of surrender and trust, and have tried to be obedient to the best light I knew. When I have failed, it has been the result of either disobedience or lack of faith, and it has needed only a return to the place of perfect surrender and entire trust, to restore my soul again to its place of rest. At every moment, when surrender and trust have been active, the Lord has never failed to respond with his wondrous grace. Moreover, he has never failed to make even my mistakes work together for my eternal good. In short, I have found it to be more and more true, every day of my life, that Christ is a complete and ever-present Saviour, and that if I but commit all my interests to him, I have as a dear child once said, nothing to do now but "just to mind." To say "Thy will be done" seems to me, more and

more, the sweetest song of the soul. The deepest longings of my whole being are met and satisfied in God. *He is enough!*

Believing, resting, abiding, obeying—these are my part; he does all the rest. What heights and depths of love, what infinite tenderness of care, what wise lovingness of discipline, what grandeur of keeping, what wonders of revealing, what strength in weakness, what comfort in sorrow, what light in darkness, what easing of burdens I have found; what a God, and what a Saviour, no words can tell!

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *April* 19, 1887.

XX.

ASAHEL H. HUSSEY.

(FRIEND.)

I WAS born November 23, 1833, in the village of Mount Pleasant, Ohio.

My parents were Friends or Quakers, which gave me a birthright membership in that Church of which I am a member.

I had a guarded religious education, was early taught by my mother to say "Now I lay me down to sleep," and often had deep religious convictions.

From a child I have been a faithful attendant on public worship, and when very young acknowledged God. I had no Sabbath-school privileges and but little practical instruction in the way of salvation, but had a covenant with God, and tried to serve him.

I have no distinct recollection of my conversion, but remember I often prayed for forgiveness of sins, and at times joy and peace followed. While this was the case I had such struggles with my carnal nature that I doubted my conversion. I often prayed earnestly for deliverance, and sought it by the deeds of the law, knowing no other way.

I had been taught, by reading our standard works, to believe in Christian perfection or holiness, and once wrote an article upon the subject, and would argue for it.

As I became actively engaged in Sabbath-school work I was painfully conscious of a need in my soul not supplied—an aching void which led me to earnestly cry unto God for deliverance. But it never came. I had many years of this kind of life—doubts and fears—careless and indifferent, then faithful and peaceful—but no steady walk with God.

In the providence of God I met with a friend who spoke of having received the blessing of holiness. She told of the light and joy and peace which filled her soul, and while she talked my heart burned within me for a like experience, and I began to seek for it in real earnest.

She left me a little tract to read—"Out of darkness into the kingdom"—by R. P. Smith, which gave me some help.

Being often in company with D. B. Updegraff, who had received the experience of holiness a short time before, I now sought help from him, and one Sabbath afternoon in June, 1870, as we were talking upon this experience, I found clearly the way to obtain it. I learned if I made a complete consecration of all to God, and then simply believed that God accepted the offering, that the altar would sanctify the gift the moment it was put thereon—I

would have the blessing of sanctification. This seemed easy and simple. I concluded to try it, but, for fear of failure, I thought best to say nothing about it. As my consecration was complete I had peace in it, but nothing definite came in my experience until a few days after, when I confessed to a very intimate friend, in the presence of others, "That my all was the Lord's." Then a flood of joy and peace filled my soul. From this time I believed and confessed the experience, which increased my faith and confidence.

Because of much opposition, and a conscious weakness in speaking boldly for Christ, I felt I needed the induement of power from on high. In this condition I retired to my room and there poured out my soul to God for deliverance. While thus engaged in prayer I felt a peculiar sensation come over my body, and the glory of the Lord filled my soul, so that I shouted aloud, "Glory to God," until I was completely prostrated, and asked God to stay his hand. I felt the Spirit permeating my entire being, and that I was now fully crucified with Christ, cleansed from all sin and dead indeed unto sin.

The thought of sin pained my heart, and to yield to it I felt would be instant death.

After recovering from my prostration I sat up to read my Bible, which was wonderfully illuminated. While reading a doubt was thrust into my mind as

to whether this was truly the baptism of the Holy Ghost or a delusion. This was soon overcome, and the glory of the Lord so filled me that I could not sleep that night. As I walked out in the beautiful moonlight I could hear the insects singing "Glory to God," the crickets in the grass saying, "Blessed Jesus," and in the house the old clock on the wall ticked "Praise God." This thrilling emotion, which lasted for days, did subside, but the life and light, joy and peace, have continued for these seventeen years. I immediately entered upon gospel service with renewed energy, and was blessed in it. I have had many severe trials and tests of my faith, but Christ has given the victory.

I have found it safe to trust all in the hands of God and obey him in all things, and in so doing I find more happiness, joy, and peace in life than I ever had before. "There are no joys like the joys of God's salvation." In times of trial and perplexity I find it delightful to commit all to God, realizing that he knows best and cares for me still, and will never leave nor forsake me. Praise his name.

ASAHEL H. HUSSEY.

MT. PLEASANT, O., *Twenty-fifth Day, Third Month*, 1887.

XXI.

REV. LEWIS B. BATES, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

WHEN seven years of age, in a prayer-meeting led by my brother, Rev. George W. Bates, who gave the invitation for any who desired to seek the Lord to manifest it by rising, standing up beside my mother and kneeling with her hand upon my head, she said, "Lewis, do you want to be saved?" "Yes, mother," was the reply. Then said the mother, "Believe on the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The boy did believe and was saved, and gave testimony at the close of the meeting that Christ had received him as his disciple. In school the next day, at recess, he told the children what God had done for him, and then he had the clear conviction that God called him to be a preacher of his Gospel. For one year all went well with me. But fifty years ago very little was thought of a child's religion, and I was left mostly to myself, not invited even to unite with the Church, but my mother always believed in my piety.

At thirteen years of age I left home to work for

my education, and continued in much the same religious condition until I was seventeen years of age, when, on the 27th of February, 1847, after careful self-examination, I brought all to God's altar and made an entire consecration to him of all I had or hoped to be, and by faith received the entire cleansing of my heart by the blood of Jesus Christ, "which cleanseth from all unrighteousness." My reputation, talents, time, heart, will, choice, kindred, and all, was accepted of him in the everlasting covenant; and from that hour to this I have not willfully disobeyed him. Many mistakes, many errors of judgment, but the offering has never been taken back. God did accept all, and has been living in this heart of mine Sovereign and King.

God has gloriously revealed himself to me as a complete Saviour.

During thirty-eight years of my ministry I have always enjoyed and preached a full, free and perfect salvation, urging the people to present deliverance from all sin and entire sanctification to God and his service, and perfect conformity to the will and image of Christ's preaching; to all that the witness of sanctification is as clear and distinct as our acceptance with God can be. I have found in these thirty-seven years of experience peace, rest, joy and consolation perfect in Christ, without any failures on his part. I find the Holy Spirit an abiding guest, ever witnessing with the blood and word, de-

claring that "he that is born of God sinneth not." Of this victory secured by the blood of cleansing I could write volumes. It is new every morning, every evening, every midnight; yes, new every moment. O boundless ocean of perfect love in Jesus Christ my Lord!

All glory be to God for the great things he has done for me personally in my family; brought them all to know him "whom to know is life eternal."

Now there burns on the altar of my heart the holy fire of love supreme to God, and love pure and consecrated to all men.

"Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done."

LEWIS B. BATES.

EAST BOSTON, MASS., *March* 12, 1888.

XXII.

OSIE M. FITZGERALD.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born in Bernardsville, New Jersey, in 1813. When I was about six years old, thinking I would have a nice time, I took a water-melon from my uncle's farm near by and divided it with two cousins. My oldest brother, nearly twelve years of age, heard what I had done. In the evening he took me aside and asked me if I knew I had been stealing. He said that, having taken it without my uncle's consent, it was stealing. What he said made no impression upon me at the time; but the next April that dear brother died. Some time after his death I became deeply convicted of sin. My brother had told me that no one who stole could enter heaven. So I felt that I was lost. My convictions were so keen they destroyed my appetite, and I stayed away from my dinner. My father missed me and sent a servant for me. I told her I did not want any dinner, but wanted to see my father. I was in the garden weeping bitterly. The dinner was given up by my father. I was taken into the sitting-room, and he took me on his lap. Then I told him

all—how I had taken the melon, and that I should be lost. He told me to stop crying and listen to him. He said Jesus had died for my sins, and if I would trust Jesus to save me he would do it. I think I believed because my father said so. As soon as I believed that Jesus pardoned my sins, in the twinkling of an eye the joy of the Lord filled my soul, so that I went skipping from sitting-room to parlor, from parlor to kitchen, like a bird of the air. My parents were delighted, for I had been under that weight of sin for weeks, till they began to fear for my health, not knowing what ailed me. At this time I was seven years old, and was thought too young to join the Church, so I was left out in the cold until I was nearly frozen to death. Some years afterward the Lord graciously visited the Presbyterian Church (to which my parents belonged) and gave me a fresh token of my acceptance with him. I was then taken into the Church with my older brother and sister. At that time I was fifteen years of age. From the time I was converted my conscience was very keen, so that I would not take even a pin from the cushion of another, nor one that I found on their floor; and if I repeated anything I had heard I would repeat the exact words. I prayed daily, but my Christian life was not a joyous one. I had been taught to say "I hope I am a Christian," and that it was presumption to say I knew my sins were forgiven.

Many times the question would arise in my mind, "Do I belong to the Lord?" As years passed on I had a great desire to be more Christlike. I began to note the Lord's dealings with me. I kept a diary, which showed me many mistakes, failures, and broken resolutions. Though I now enjoyed religion, and had the witness of God's Spirit that I was adopted into his family, yet when I "would do good evil was present with me." Little things would make me angry. In the morning, while bowed before God, I would resolve not to get angry that day. But when night came I found myself weighed down by broken resolutions. If I had company and wanted my dinner particularly nice, and it was burned, I was angry. If a servant went to the wrong side of a person at the table to help him, though I said not a word, I would feel angry, thinking my guest would consider me incompetent to teach my servant what was proper. My pride was wounded. Afterward I would weep before the Lord, knowing that he saw my heart though others did not. About that time the Lord sent the Rev. James Caughey to the Central Methodist Episcopal Church for a few weeks, and he preached clearly the doctrine of entire sanctification. I had not thought that I could ever live without daily committing sin. But when he took his text, "Be ye holy for I am holy," and said we are not only invited but commanded to be holy, the words

struck deep into my heart. He then quoted Paul and Fletcher, Payson, Wesley and others. I thought, it may be for them but not for me. But the words came, "God is no respecter of persons," and with a determined will I said, "God being my helper, I shall have that blessing." We were invited forward to the altar. I went to get a clean heart; but when asked what I came for I said, "a deeper work of grace." The Lord blessed me wonderfully, and I was told that it was entire sanctification; for surely, they said, "if I were willing to die for Christ I must love God with all my heart." I did not believe I had it. I found then, and have found ever since, that it takes more grace to live for Christ than it does to die for him. Then it came to me, "Will you give your children to the Lord?" It was suggested, "if you do he will take them out of the world." At last I surrendered them to God. Then came a still greater struggle. The Spirit said, "Will you give up your husband, to me?" I said, "Lord, I will die willingly if thou wilt let him live. I am not of much account, but I cannot live and let him die, for my health is so poor I will be unable to take care of my family." It was also suggested that "we might lose all our property, and I would at last have to go to the alms-house." That struggle lasted for two days or more. Then it was whispered to me, "You may be the means of saving some soul in the alms-house."

Then came the passage, "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly." I yielded all to God. Saturday night came. I went forward for prayers. The Spirit said to me, "If I give you a clean heart, and sanctify you wholly, will you speak before this people and tell them what I have done for you?" Having been brought up a Presbyterian I was very much opposed to women speaking in the church. I thought no one but a bold Methodist woman would speak in church. Consequently I said, "No; it is not the place for a female to speak." Again the question was repeated. I then said "I would do it if the Lord required it, but he does not, for there are plenty of men to speak." My agony of soul increased, and as I continued to plead the question continually recurred. My agony of soul was so intense that it seemed to me it must soon be victory or death, and I cried out, "Yes, Lord, though it be before a thousand people." Then there was a great calm in my soul. And I said, "What now, Lord?" The Spirit said, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." (Mark 11, 24.) I saw clearly I must believe before I could receive. The tempter said, "How can you believe without any evidence?" I replied, "I have God's word, and I believe the work is done if I never have any more evidence till I meet him at his bar; for he says, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away,

but my word shall not pass away.'" "But," said the tempter, "you may find yourself mistaken." I said, "I will take that promise with me to the bar of God, and I will tell Him that I have been trusting Him (on his word) for a clean heart, without any evidence." Then the adversary said, "Perhaps you will find there is no God." I answered, "Then I am safe; if there is no God there is neither heaven nor hell." Some time after a good brother said to me, "You do believe that God cleanseth you now from all sin." If I had had a thousand bodies and souls I could have thrown them all into that "Yes." The moment I confessed it the Holy Ghost with lightning speed came into my heart and cleansed it from all sin, and took up his abode in my heart and filled me with such unspeakable joy that for three days I scarcely knew whether I was in the body or out of it. Great struggle as I had to get a clean heart, it was a struggle of a week to get it cleansed, but need not have taken three minutes if I had surrendered my will to God; but it is a life battle with the world, the flesh, and Satan to keep it clean, and nothing but a continual surrender to God can do it.

God pardoned my sins in the winter of 1820-21. On the 27th of December, 1856, in the evening, in Central Methodist Episcopal Church in Newark, N. J., through the blood of Jesus Christ, God cleansed my heart from all sin, and the Holy Ghost

sanctified me wholly, I think. Mr. Wesley says it is next to a miracle for any one to receive that blessing and never lose it. Then I surely am next to a miracle of grace. For I have never lost it, and I have no recollection of ever feeling the stirrings of anger, jealousy, pride, self-will, or bitterness, since the day God cleansed my heart from all sin and the Holy Ghost came in and filled me. He has been the door-keeper of my heart every hour since; and from that day to this nothing has been permitted to enter that has not been submitted to the will of God. Temptations have come but have not been permitted to enter. There has not been one hour since that I have not had access to the audience-chamber of the Most High. I think I once came near losing it, not knowing clearly the voice of the Spirit, in letting my husband decide for me, thinking the word of God required me to be obedient to my husband. In my early experience of full obedience to God the Spirit prompted me to pray in the meeting. Not being accustomed to try the spirits, I questioned whether the evil one was not tempting me to break through the rules of the meeting and pray when the men were asked to pray and no woman was invited. Not knowing fully that it was of God I questioned till the opportunity was past. Afterward it was said to me, "If you had been led to pray in your room alone would you not have done it?"

I said, "Yes." "Then what but a man-fearing or a man-pleasing spirit prevented you?" I said, "Lord, show me clearly thy will; please or displease man, I will do it." The adversary said, "You will do it before all those people." I said, "Lord, show me thy will, and I will do it if I die in the act." It came to me, "Now you will be tested." The next prayer-meeting I felt no leading of the Spirit till near the close of the meeting, when it came to me, "Pray!" I said, "Lord, shall I pray when this man ceases?" It came to me, "No." I thought "perhaps the Lord is going to teach me obedience and oblige me to ask the privilege to pray after they close the meeting I felt I would do it, but they sang another hymn and called upon a brother to pray, who commenced and could not pray, stopped, and I prayed, or rather the Holy Ghost prayed through my lips. After this there was a watch-night service appointed for Sunday night, and the Spirit showed me I was to go. After I came from church I was taken very sick, so that I could not sit up, and as the time for service drew near I began to feel that I might be mistaken about the Lord wanting me to go; so I prayed earnestly for him to show me if he willed me to go. I found he did. It was suggested, "You are so sick." I said, "Lord, I will go if I die on the way." Not being able to walk straight it was with great difficulty that I got out of the

house into the street; but as I was passing the second house from mine all sickness left me, and in an instant I was as well as I ever was. The Lord had been working in that church; the altar had been crowded night after night with seekers. That night the preacher could not get the people to move. I think only two went forward, and the spiritual atmosphere was heavy as lead. The preacher started down the aisle, and it was said to him, "There is your help, in that pew." Not knowing who I was, as I was kneeling and he could not see my face, he said, "My sister, I want you to go forward and talk to those seekers." It was a great cross for me to do it; but I went. He said, "We will sing one verse, then Sister FitzGerald will talk to us." Not thinking of one word to say, it was so great a cross that I know I could have died easier than to speak. But the thought came, "I must meet all these at the judgment," and though I could not think of one word to say, I said, "Here, Lord, are these lips; speak through them." I told of an Episcopalian lady who some years before was in that church and became deeply convicted, but her husband opposed her coming again, saying she was as good as those who professed to be converted. A short time after she sickened and died. Just before she died she called for her little daughter, some two or three years old, to be placed upon the bed, her husband sitting beside her bed. She said,

"You have stood between me and my soul's salvation. You said I was good enough. Now I want you to promise me that you will let my dear child go to church as God leads her, that she may be saved." As I told this an elegantly dressed lady from the middle of the church arose and came to the altar. As she started out the people started from all parts of the church and came forward, and many were converted. Two days after, this lady came to see me; God had soundly converted her. She said, "I was deeply convicted, and wanted to go forward for prayers; but my husband was in Washington, and I thought he would be displeased when he came to find that I, an Episcopalian, had gone to a Methodist altar for prayers. But when you told that story I resolved he should not stand between me and God; that I would have my soul saved."

When I was first fully saved Christ so satisfied me that the things of this world did not trouble me. If a dinner were uncooked, or if it were burned, it did not move me; and so in regard to other things, if the family complained, though I saw they had just cause for it, yet I felt I must not complain, fearing I might get angry, or that others might think I was angry, though I was not. But the Lord showed me he had grace enough for me to be decided and firm, and have things done in a proper way, and yet not have one quiver of anger; and he

has proven it to be so. The way grows continually brighter. I have sweet communion with the triune God. Sometimes my communion is with the Father; then with the Son; other times with the third person of the adorable Trinity. For the past few days my communion has been with the Father and the Son. He reveals himself to me so wonderfully, and has for the past few years, that human language cannot express it. At times it seems as if my heart were liquid. For years, can clearly say, my will has floated in the will of God as the cork floats on the water. To-day Jesus saves me fully.

OSIE M. FITZGERALD.

NEWARK, N. J., *June* 18, 1887.

XXIII.

REV. GEORGE HUGHES.

(METHODIST.)

IN the order of a wise providence I was greatly favored in having Christian parents. They were members of the Wesleyan Society in Manchester, England. My precious mother was one of the holiest of women. The sweet savor of Christian holiness pervaded my early home. In the midst of many domestic cares and severe trials my mother exemplified daily the spirit and power of Christian perfection, and it was her aim especially to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She would often take them to her room and, "with strong cries and tears," commend them to her Heavenly Father's watch-care. The remembrance of those hours of devotion is to me "as ointment poured forth." I am inclined to think that in early childhood I was made a subject of God's renewing grace, but, like too many of tender years, it was not distinctly retained.

In the year 1838, when I was fifteen years of age, I came to this country. My new home was in Philadelphia. The separation from my friends and native land was very painful.

It was not long, however, ere the prayers of my pious mother were answered. In the following year after my arrival in the United States, in February, 1839, under the ministry of Rev. Charles Pitman, in the Eighth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, I was happily converted. For a time I went on my way rejoicing, but, through the influence of improper associates and the discouragements of my business position, I was turned aside from the right path. Through the mercy of God, I was arrested, and restored to my forfeited peace.

Subsequently, I removed to the city of New York and became connected with the Allen Street Church. There I became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, and a life-long friendship was formed. They manifested a loving interest in the stranger-boy, and sought to lead me into the higher walks of the Christian life. They conducted a meeting in the church on Saturday evening for the promotion of holiness. I attended that meeting and felt its potential influence—in fact, I believe at that time I had some experience of sanctifying grace; but the evidence was not very clear, and I did not hold to the line. Rev. John Poisal was pastor of the church, and manifested a lively interest in my welfare. He gave me license to exhort, and I became connected with the Local Preachers' Association of New York.

In 1843 I was called to enter the itinerant minis-

try of the Methodist Episcopal Church by Rev. John S. Porter, presiding elder of the Newark District in the New Jersey Conference. I was sent to the Madison charge as junior preacher. I entered upon this responsible work with much trembling, but under the solemn conviction that I was called of God, and that this must be my life-work. In 1844 I was admitted on trial in the Conference and continued to prosecute my holy calling, God being pleased to give me seals to my ministry. Unfortunately for me, in the early years of my itinerant life, my environments were such that a foolish prejudice against special meetings for the promotion of holiness was engendered in my heart. This was a snare to me, and a great hindrance to my Christian progress and usefulness as a minister. My friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, like guardian angels, were ever upon my track, and, had I yielded to their loving ministries, would have led me into the "Land of Beulah." In one of my charges the now sainted and beloved Mrs. Mary D. James was one of my flock. But I was particularly averse to being led by "holy women" in this matter. I thought I understood the doctrine of Methodism, having studied our standard writers in my Conference course, and when I was ready to seek the experience I would do so without the persuasions of others. The remembrance of those years of unreasonable opposition is now very painful, and I would fain obliterate the record. But,

alas! it is ineffaceable. I held to the doctrine of entire sanctification tenaciously, and preached it to my people, thinking it my duty to do so as expressive of my loyalty as a Methodist preacher. Often while thus discoursing to the congregation the Spirit would speak to me powerfully, saying, "Why don't you do this yourself?" But I pleaded for a postponement.

At length, after about twenty years of this battling with conviction, God, in the order of his providence, brought matters to an issue by permitting me to go into the furnace of affliction. While presiding elder of the Burlington District, N. J., I became nervously prostrated and was obliged to resign my charge. By the advice of physicians I returned to my native land to enjoy a year of entire quiet. I was thus furnished with an opportunity to review my past life. In taking this retrospect I became painfully conscious of my defects, and especially did my mistakes concerning the subject of Christian holiness loom up before me. At this juncture Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who were engaged in evangelistic services in my native city, Manchester, called to see me one day at my father's house. I was not at home, but when informed that they had called my heart was deeply affected. It brought up memories of the past very vividly. I attended the services and the Holy Spirit, through their instrumentality, wrought deep conviction in

my mind. At the close of these services they went to Nottingham. I said to my companion, "It seems as if Satan has gained advantages over me for twenty years touching personal holiness; let us pack our trunk and go to Nottingham and see what the Lord will do for us there." Accordingly we went, and obtained quarters in the home of a Wesleyan local preacher who was enjoying entire sanctification.

On Sabbath morning, May 31, 1863 (ever memorable day) we attended service in the Wesleyan chapel, and the junior preacher, Rev. Mr. Henchell, preached a sermon on the text, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." This sermon was made a great blessing to my soul. While listening thereto there came to me a voice from heaven, saying, "If the Lord shall fully baptize you with the Holy Ghost will you witness to the people of Nottingham of the great salvation?" To this my heart made affirmative response. A flood of joy came in upon me instantly, and I returned from the house of God to my lodgings, praising the Lord along the street. In the afternoon we went to the opening service of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in the Shakespeare Street United Free Methodist Chapel. During that hour I was led to make my entire consecration very definite, and the witness of the Holy Ghost to inward purity, through the application of the all-cleansing blood of Jesus, was very clear and joyous. In

making my entire consecration it was laid upon me that on my return to the United States I should witness of this grace—a vow which I sacredly performed. In the evening of that day I was led to give public testimony to probably fifteen hundred people of my folly in so long resisting my convictions on this subject, and of the gladness of my heart in the reception of this great blessing. I continued to enjoy the services there, and had great peace, although not able to participate very actively therein.

We returned to the United States on the same steamer with our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and had sweet fellowship by the way. The voyage was a stormy one, and at times the ship was in great peril but my mind was undisturbed. While the ship was rolling in the mighty waves, as I lay in my berth, I was ready to sing:

> "This awful God is ours,
> Our Father and our Love;
> He will send down his heavenly powers,
> To carry us above."

If spared to see next May a quarter of a century of experience on this line of light and love, will have elapsed. Blessed years they have been! I cannot say, however, that throughout that entire period I have retained a clear witness of entire sanctification. The evidence has been obscured at times, but I have never been able to rest without it.

The years which have elapsed have been my *growth period.* My feet have been more and more established in paths of righteousness. The last two years have been exceedingly precious, full of power and joy in the Holy Ghost. I never preached with such freedom as I do at the present time. I am often filled with rapture in proclaiming a full and free salvation.

The Bible is indeed a luminous book. Its hallowed pages, to my view, glow with supernatural light. I have great delight in prayer—closet, family, and public prayer. I find my heart going out with glad response to pointed scriptural teachings, particularly, "Love thinketh no evil," "In honor preferring one another," "Esteeming others better than yourselves," "And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not." In a word, love has the mastery, the antagonisms being destroyed, and my feet rest firmly on the Rock of Ages. I am proving, as never before, that salvation is a Divine personality—more, far more than a blessing. It is the internal revealment of THE BLESSER in the infinitude of His attributes, constituting within my soul a never-failing and ever-springing well "springing up unto everlasting life." To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be everlasting praise!

GEORGE HUGHES.

NEW YORK, *March* 12, 1888.

XXIV.

SARAH A. L. PALMER.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born April 23, 1806, and born again June 21, 1819. Being taught by Christian parents that Jesus loved children, and often feeling a conscious love to Jesus, I seemed to take it for granted that I was a child of God. But in my twelfth year I began to question my adoption. Just after I had passed my thirteenth birthday, on my way to a camp-meeting, I purposed to settle the question. At the first prayer-meeting I began to ask the Lord to make me his child and let me *know* it. Then came the first keen conviction. I was a condemned sinner; I was frightened, and wept aloud. But soon the joy unspeakable was mine. The glory was too great for the feeble frame. Totally unconscious of earthly surroundings I joined the angelic choir in adoring him who so loved us.

Months passed joyfully, when I was deeply impressed while reading Gen. 17. 1. It seemed to be a command, and yet an impossibility. Soon, however, the light came. The Lord had prefaced the command by saying, "I am the Almighty." He

had also said, " I will put my Spirit within you and will cause you to keep my statutes and do them."

Temptations were many, and my views were not clear, but I felt that I must have a clean heart. We were going to a camp-meeting. I thought, " Surely I will get the blessing there."

On the first day of the meeting I went forward as a seeker of sanctification, and continued to do so through the whole week. Jacob-like, the whole of the last night I wrestled. Dear ones said again and again, " Believe, believe the blood cleanseth." My reply was, " I do believe, but I want to feel." The day dawned; my dear mother said, " Daughter, you must leave this place," as she raised me from my knees.

Finding I could struggle no longer I said, "I will believe." At that moment, as I opened my eyes and caught the first crimson ray of the rising sun, filled with rapture, I exclaimed, " The Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in his wings."

For months my comfort and confidence continued. Temptations came. My numerous young associates could not understand me. They said I was " supercilious " or " sanctimonious." I did not then, nor do I now, in my eighty-second year, think I made the way too narrow.

The tempter, no doubt, took advantage of me, and often brought me under painful fear lest I had grieved the good Spirit. Sometimes I prayed my

heavenly Father to take me from this world of temptations. I even told the Lord I could see no reason why I could not go and live where there was no danger of falling.

But the crisis came. The family had returned from a funeral. As I entered the hall-door, and placed my hand on the rail of the steps, I breathed a sigh and said, "O, if they had only laid me away instead of that one!" Instantly it seemed as if a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder accompanied by a severe reproof. The voice said, "How ungrateful! God has put you here for a purpose, and you are struggling to get away." Never did I so cower under an earthly parent's reproof. It was God my *Father*, and I had offended him by my impatience. Bursting into tears I cried, "Lord, forgive me, and I will never ask this again."

Another temptation was a fear that I might live to be old and useless. An ardently-loved relative seemed to be set aside as old and useless. Passing her house, on the opposite side of the street, one day, I looked up to her window to catch the affectionate recognition. But the loved one did not appear. I drew a sigh, and was on the point of saying, "Please, dear Lord, don't let me live to be old and useless." Then the thought came, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." Rejoicingly I said, "That is written in the Bible, and if I live to be sixty years old I will claim that

promise." I was near fifteen when this precious promise was given, and I have held it fast, calling it *mine*, ever since.

Tests came. The yielding of my will became so painful that my consecration was questioned, perplexity followed, and the consciousness of purity was dimmed, then lost. Not until 1823 was the veil lifted.

One evening I resolved not to rise from my knees without the clear witness of holiness. Several times the promise was presented, "The blood cleanseth." Trembling, I would say, "I do believe," but, impatient for further manifestations, would again resume pleading. About one o'clock in the morning I opened the precious Bible on "Ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promises. For yet a little while and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith." I felt the reproof and also the encouragement, and calmly said, "Lord, I will believe; I am *wholly* thine; help me to abide in thee." I then retired, resolving to live by faith. At the dawn of day I awoke, desiring the Lord to confirm my faith by directing my eye to some special passage in the Bible. I opened to "Now the just shall live by faith, but if any man *draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him.*"

I was thrilled. I felt to "draw back" would be death, and cried, "Lord, keep me!" Throughout

the day a most profound solemnity rested on my mind. Holiness seemed written on every object. On Monday the enemy said, "It is possible you may yet be deceived; you have not received this blessing as you expected." But my soul sweetly rested in the precious promises. On Tuesday morning a very powerful temptation was presented. I hastened to the closet, and, pleading my youth and inexperience, felt encouraged to ask another and a still more powerful assurance of purity. The answer was instantly given by a most powerful application of "Now are ye clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

It was enough. I was now permitted, in a manner unknown before, to walk and talk with God.

I went to my class almost impatient to declare the loving-kindness of God. At the commencement our leader prayed, "Lord, sanctify us wholly; let it not be a *think* so, a *hope* so, or a BELIEVE so." It went as an arrow to my heart. "You have evidence only as connected with believing." It was a fatal dart from the adversary. My only hope seemed wrested from me. Unconscious of all about me I seemed intent on having the question decided, "Is it a reality or not?" When rising to leave the class-room the decision came to give up my intense interest on the subject of holiness. Others seemed to enjoy the favor of God without the witness, and I thought I would try to do so too. I little thought

of its impossibility. I was instantly hurled into darkness and despair, with nothing before me but the awful doom of the fearful and unbelieving.

My senses were almost astounded with, "If any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him." For two weeks my sense of ingratitude was so great that I did not dare to hope for pardon. Then a sweet voice whispered, "This man receiveth sinners." I came as a sinner and was again accepted. But an impression that I had forfeited the close fellowship of former days caused deep humiliation. It seemed just that I should not be trusted. I had "drawn back," and as a naughty child I must be kept at a little distance for a time, but *not disinherited.* So subtle was this temptation that for months it was not suspected as Satanic. As soon as I detected its true character I got the victory.

With new light came new responsibilities. The first duty against which my will rebelled was leading a religious meeting, and, next, more faithfulness in personal warnings. The way in which I supposed the Lord required *me* to walk I could not expect the dearest loved one to understand. Alone with God this matter must be settled. Death seemed preferable to the divine terms. But at last I settled it, and again I triumphed.

Early in May, 1835, an impression was felt so much like unhallowed emotion that it caused

extreme pain. I then resolved to have a more *positive* assurance of inward purity. I immediately entered into covenant with God to withdraw my mind from every object that might divert me from this point, and to leave no means unused which he might appoint. Every motive, purpose and practice was required to undergo a renewed investigation. I cried, "O fill me with the Holy Ghost!" All was calm. I had none of the expected emotions. I arose from my knees fully determined to reckon myself dead to sin if I had not a joyous emotion in forty years, when the enemy immediately suggested, "You have no more evidence now than before; you might have believed long since; who ever heard of believing and continuing to believe without evidence?" Immediately the Spirit replied, "Blessed are they that have not seen yet believe." "Presumption" was the constant cry of the enemy. But the "sword of the Spirit" prevailed, though the contest was very severe. To "draw back" I knew was death, and I resolved to endure the conflict while mortal life should last, even if *no* other evidence was given. Just after forming this resolution the promise came with more power than ever, "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." For seven days Satan tauntingly suggested, "You believe because you *will believe*." Just at that time I met Rev. Timothy Merritt, who said, "Sister, you

know something of holiness by experience; do you not?" I was startled, and about to reply, "I am hardly prepared to answer that question," but after a moment's hesitation I said, "I have dared to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but it is constantly suggested that it may be presumption, with so little evidence." Said Brother Merritt, "Never fear presumption in believing God; presumption lies in daring to doubt." All fear now vanished. The baptism of the Holy Ghost came in its glorious fullness; it seemed as a baptism of love almost to the overwhelming of the physical frame, accompanied with an inexpressible consciousness of purity, a consciousness only understood by those who have received it.

Since that blessed day, May 21, 1835, I think there has not been one hour in which my soul has not been sweetly resting in the precious atonement. Though the witness of the Spirit has not been withdrawn for an hour, yet there have been instances when sudden temptation has assumed so much the appearance of sinful emotion as to cause keen pain; but I have been invariably enabled almost instantly to appropriate that blood which cleanseth from all sin.

These acts of faith have generally been immediately succeeded by a most joyous assurance. Since I have been enabled to abide in Christ I believe the language of my heart has been:

"No cross, no suffering, I decline,
Only let my whole heart be thine."

The responsibility of being a steward—an agent for God—seems very great. I fear I often lose opportunities of acting for want of wisdom. I am, therefore, constrained to cry continually, "Teach me thy way; lead me in a plain path." How precious do I find the promise, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee by mine eye." The word of God is increasingly precious. It is principally through this medium I am permitted to hold converse with Deity. And while his infinite love and faithfulness are unfolded to my enraptured vision I hear him say, more and still more audibly, "Ye are my witnesses of these things."

After more than seventy-six years of conscious adoption, and fifty-two of dwelling in the peaceful land of perfect love, my heart is singing, "Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest to his people Israel, according to all that he promised; there hath not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised."—1 Kings 8. 56.

SARAH A. L. PALMER.

316 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, *September* 19, 1887.

XXV.

REV. HENRY P. HALL.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 20, 1814. Early in life I realized the need of salvation, and for over four years was burdened with a sense of sin. Near the age of twenty, while listening to a sermon, I said mentally, "I will take Jesus to be my Saviour." Immediately my burden was gone, and ere the evening passed God's love was shed abroad in my heart. In a short time I was immersed, and became a member of the Calvinistic Baptist Church in my native town.

During the summer of 1839, in Boston, I obtained Mahan's *Christian Perfection*, the study of which convinced me of my duty and privilege to be entirely sanctified to God. I was then an active, obedient Christian up to the light I had.

With this increased light I at once sought to bring my whole being into oneness with God's will. Being fixed in my purpose I was soon enabled to regard myself as wholly the Lord's.

Not long after, while in prayer, this thought

pressed itself upon my consciousness, "The triune God is here." I was at once filled with his peace, and arose satisfied. On returning to my business, and thenceforward, nothing disturbed my inward calm, though I had been troubled by a hasty temper. I was not aware that this was my entrance into the life of holiness until at a meeting, some evenings after, the Holy Spirit reminded me of the word recently given, "The triune God is here," as the time when he came into my life to abide, with all things pertaining to life and to godliness. I was filled with the Holy Ghost. It became my meat and drink to do his will as soon as known. This was in the winter of 1839 and 1840, from which time higher and holier motives actuated me. It was not long before the Lord called me to the ministry. The Baptist Church not encouraging my views of sanctification, I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the second year of my ministry my attention was called to this word in Jeremiah, 15, 19: "If thou take forth the precious from the vile thou shalt be as my mouth." I had thought this fully done at the time God came into my life to abide. But the Holy Spirit now so impressed me with the importance of this word that I became still more sensitive Godward, and began to detect forms of selfish mixture that had not before arrested my attention. Finding myself unable to discriminate

between the precious and the vile I yielded myself to God to do this for me. Soon a form of selfishness was discovered which so surprised and discouraged me that in utter desperation I immediately said, "I may as well give up my profession of holiness." As this thought passed through my mind I seemed to fall from that clear light and peace that for years had been my abiding state. Perceiving this I quickly said, "Why, Lord, all this and more if it be thy will," and instantly I was reinstated in God, having learned to distinguish the evil and how to be rid of it.

This proved to be the lesson of my life, and never had to be repeated.

If a temptation was likely to cause conflict I would no longer say (as I had been taught) that it was from without, but at once yielded myself to God to bring within more fully the life of Christ, for which the holy soul is predestinated. I became sensitive to the Holy Spirit's work through my powers, realizing that the wholly sanctified soul is as Jesus was when he entered upon his earthly mission. "I came not to do my own will, but the will of Him who sent me."

My preference yielded to him on the instant of any evidence of inharmony with his way; the Lord alone was exalted, and I moved on with certainty in his will.

It is now nearly forty-seven years since I en-

tered the highway of holiness, when death to sin passed upon my whole being, and it has been easy to yield up the self-life (which if indulged would become sin), bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

My abiding home has been in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. Love to fullness has abounded always toward God and man. Living by the "faith of the Son of God" it has always been adequate to the needs of this great salvation.

I have two little words ever in use, yea and nay. Toward God in all things my yea is yea, toward any thing opposite to him my nay is nay. Thus is the Christ-life constantly revealed.

A number of years since I met with a dear servant of God, and asked him about his experience in holiness. He said with feeling that he was not now in that grace. I then related my experience as above, and said, "You have not withdrawn your consecration, have you?" He replied, "I have not." His soul seemed stirred. I then asked, "Do you want God to regard you now as wholly consecrated to him?" "I do," was his reply. I further asked, "Will you regard yourself as thus consecrated to God?" "There comes the tug of war," he said, but soon answered, "I will." I was led to state "The Holy Spirit will now witness to your acceptance," and soon inquired, "Does he?" "Yes," was his answer. I then said, "Brother, I have not

spoken of a blessing that you are to guard, but a life into which you have entered." The next week he said that it had been the happiest of his life. At the preachers' class-meeting the next month he testified that his experience the past month had been without parallel in his religious history. He is a prominent minister, and is now one of God's lights.

HENRY P. HALL,

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., *July* 11, 1887.

XXVI.

REV. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS converted when only twelve years of age, and, after one year on probation, by no fault of my own I found myself outside of the Church. My sensitive soul was wounded and I gave up my hope in Christ, and after years of moral darkness, the contemplation of which is yet painful, at the age of nineteen years I was graciously reclaimed. But I spent only a brief period in conscious fellowship with God.

Realizing fully that if I became a Christian indeed I should have to preach the Gospel, and conscious of my inability to meet the demands of the sacred office, I was disobedient to the heavenly calling.

I put away the conviction of duty from my mind, and sought by severe application to study to dissipate all sense of religious obligation. I passed through an academic course of study, took up the science of medicine, and in the excitement of professional life sought a respite from the convictions of duty. But there came a time when the Spirit of God came with great power to my heart, the whole tide of my life was turned, my entire being was ar-

rested and held in suspense by the presence of God, my past failures and future possibilities possessed me by day and by night. At this time I realized in some degree the danger of further disobedience; it appeared to me that I must submit to God or utterly perish; and after a severe struggle that lasted many days I yielded, and at a late hour in the night of August 11, 1857, alone in my office, I bowed in prayer to God, gave myself to him, and accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour.

There came into my soul a sense of peace, a calm, quiet assurance of the divine favor; but it was not like my former experience; there was no ebullition of joy. There was a cold, sullen sense of submission from necessity, a spirit of subjugation, and the Father seemed far off, as if I were received on probation, and it was not until the following November that I received by the Spirit the knowledge of complete reconciliation through Jesus Christ. Floods of light and joy came into my soul. I was possessed of a new manhood; "old things" had passed entirely away. I united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the path of ministerial duty was at once made plain; it flashed with celestial brightness and glowed with a radiance almost inconceivable, and as soon as my probation expired I began to preach, but almost immediately renewed the controversy in my own mind, and for five years kept up my quarrel with God.

"Clouds and darkness were round about me," weak and undecided; I was vascillating and "unstable as water." But there came a crisis, and I united with the Conference, and after two successful pastorates of two years each, in which many were converted, in the fifth year of my ministry I became greatly interested in the subject of holiness. I sought earnestly for a clean heart. The fiery baptism came upon me and I was "made every whit whole."

For a little more than one year I enjoyed this precious experience, quietly and alone, but without interruption. No one preached on the subject that I knew of; no one testified to it in my hearing, and I cautiously kept still and remained quiescent until the brightness of it passed away, and I found myself without the witness of purity and not always clear in my experience of sonship.

About this time the first National Camp-meeting at Urbana, Ohio, occurred, and the whole country was aroused on the subject of holiness. But both the doctrine and experience were misrepresented by its friends and caricatured by its foes.

The old heresy of the imputed holiness and the impeccability of the sanctified were vigorously advocated by a large class of adherents.

These and other forms of error were prevalent in my congregation, and I began a careful examination of the doctrinal and philosophical aspects of the

subject. That I might have opportunity to hear their experiences and know their teachings I attended the special holiness meetings. I was also present at the second National Camp-meeting at Urbana, and listened carefully to the sermons and teachings of the members of that association. I heard the thrilling testimonies of the newly sanctified and the enrapturing experiences of those who had been years in the way, and found the teachings of the association and the experiences of the people to be in accord with my own former experience and the standards of the Church. I there committed myself publicly to the cause of holiness, and declared my faith in the all-cleansing blood.

After my return home I began to study the different phases of the experience as manifested in the various temperaments and idiosyncrasies of those who enjoyed the blessing. I resolved not only to be correct theologically, but I was determined to be experimentally and practically so. I gave myself wholly to God; I utterly abandoned every thing that was doubtful; I put entirely away the very appearance of evil, and resolved to know and to please God.

I knew that I could not reason myself into a clean heart; but I also knew that my heavenly Father required me "To sanctify the Lord God in my heart, and be ready to give an answer to every man that asked, a reason for the hope that is in me, in meek-

ness and in fear." I soon found that by a careful adjustment of myself to Christ, "the vine," and a continuous exercise of my will to keep this relation unembarrassed, I grew in grace daily. My strength was enlarged, the witness of the Spirit to my cleansing became very distinct, and my soul was exceedingly sensitive to the approach of evil in any form.

About ten months of this continuous life of obedience brought me out into a large place. And in April, 1874, while assisting Rev. I. N. Smith, of the Central Ohio Conference, in a holiness meeting, I received a special manifestation of the Spirit that far exceeded all my former experiences. My whole being was permeated with the divine presence. My soul was sublimated, and Christ in his divine personality was revealed in wondrous power by the Holy Ghost. He appeared visibly before my consciousness, and for months he was "The man from glory standing by my right side."

Thirteen years have passed away since then, years of intense labor and glorious victory; years of severe trial and gracious deliverance. I have frequently encountered the same spirit that consigned John Huss to the flames; have gone over on my knees where "There was a sharp rock on that side and a sharp rock on this side;" but have been enabled to say with the apostle, "Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and

maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place."

There have been periods of fluctuation; there have been two periods of short duration of hesitancy, in which I swerved, in which I lost ground to some extent. I did not incur guilt, did not contract any moral pollution, but was conscious that I had in some degree lost my aggressive power.

The causes that led to these weaknesses may be all embraced in the term carelessness. My will lost something of its tenacity of purpose; my faith relinquished its positive grasp on Jesus, and selfhood, in one form or another, began to assume dominion. But these periods were of short duration. For nearly fifteen years I have been a loyal citizen of the "Land of Beulah." During these years my soul has grown strong in fellowship with Jesus. I am still in the land, far out toward the interior. I ascend the mountain heights of this wonderful land. I wander through its valleys; I breathe its perfumed and exhilarating atmosphere; I feed upon its grains and fruits; I inhale the fragrance that floats down from its "Mountains of Myrrh." And some day from one of its purple-clouded hills I shall step through the misty veil into the upper temple.

WILLIAM JONES.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *Sept.* 6, 1887.

XXVII.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born in England, June 21, 1835. At the age of six years I came with my family to America. My parents were devoted Christians, and spared no pains to train me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Since my earliest recollection I have never passed a day without prayer, but it was not always the prayer of faith that brought salvation, for I often felt the burden of sin and condemnation on my heart.

When eight years of age I was once playing "class-meeting" during recess at school. I was leader. All passed off joyfully until a little girl younger than myself arose to speak. She seemed to take the matter all in earnest, and said with trembling voice, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "I am not as good as I ought to be. I sometimes do wrong and disobey my mamma. Pray for me, that I may be forgiven." Suddenly my own heart began to ache. I thought, "If that

little innocent girl needs pardon how much more do I!" The meeting closed and I started for home. When I supposed myself to be entirely out of sight and hearing I wept aloud. A gentleman, until then unobserved by me, passed, and said in pitying tones, "What's the matter, little girl?" I made no reply. I did not stop until I reached my own little room, and, falling upon my knees, with a broken and a contrite heart I prayed earnestly for pardon. God heard my prayer.

> "He spake at once my sins forgiven
> And gave me glory, peace, and heaven."

That night, young as I was, I could scarcely sleep for joy. I believe I was then converted, and had I told my parents and availed myself of the counsel and aid they would so gladly have given I might have walked in the light from that time until the present. But I did not understand that I was old enough to be a Christian; did not hold fast whereunto I had attained, and soon relapsed into my former state. As years passed I drank into the spirit of the world, and it was not until I was fourteen years of age that I made up my mind, after a great struggle, to give my heart to Christ and become a Christian. In the year 1848 I was powerfully convicted of sin. I tried to quench the Spirit. I was away from home, attending school, but my heart was so overwhelmed with

a sense of my sins and my need of a Saviour that I could neither eat nor sleep. One day I tried in vain to commit my lessons to memory, and asked the teacher to excuse me. I went to my seat and with my head in my hands, entirely oblivious to all that was passing around me, I promised God if he would spare me until a certain quarterly meeting, which was to be held some miles away, in about six months from that time, I would attend it and there seek Christ. My heart grew calm and I pursued my studies without anxiety until the Friday preceding the meeting. Then came a great conflict with the adversary. I thought, "To-morrow I am to seek God." The tempter said, "You are too young to begin now! All the other students, with few exceptions, are attending dancing-school, getting ready to enjoy life. You are cutting yourself off from all that is desirable in the future."

"But I promised God, and I must!"

"You cannot, because you have no feeling now! You must wait until you feel as deeply as before."

"I promised I would wait no longer, and I must seek *now*."

Thus the controversy continued until my head began to ache. Wishing in some way to calm my troubled mind I took a magazine from the shelf, intending for a time to change the subject by reading some entertaining story. I opened it, and the first words my eye rested upon were these:

"If now you're convinced, O yield to conviction!
Resolve to be God's in the strength of his grace,
E'en now he beholds you with tender affection
And you as his child he longs to embrace."

Affrighted I threw the book from me. A trembling seized me, I fell upon my knees and said, "O, Lord, it is enough! I will keep my promise. I will attend the meeting and acknowledge myself a seeker." I did so. When at the close of the Saturday evening meeting the presiding elder asked those who desired to become Christians to arise I arose alone in the great congregation. I was so young that my rising attracted no attention and called forth no remark or prayer, but when I reached my place of entertainment, in company with my own pastor's wife, she proposed prayer for me, and herself offered a fervent petition for the "dear child who had resolved to 'remember now her Creator in the days of her youth.'"

I did not experience any change in my mind during the meetings that followed, and returned on Monday morning disheartened, disappointed. Now the enemy renewed his attack, and said, "You put it off too long, and God has turned away from you, for is it not written, 'Because I have called and ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, I also will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh; then shall they seek me early but shall not find me?'" Nearly

a week passed away, bringing no relief to my heart, but I determined that I would never cease seeking until I found Christ.

Desiring uninterrupted communion with God I entered a little grove near by, and, kneeling by a moss-covered log, I prayed earnestly for pardon. I tried to repeat God's promises to penitents, and while thus engaged hope sprang up in my heart, and I began to believe that mercy could reach even me, and amid my tears I said,

> "Here, Lord, I give myself away!
> 'Tis all that I can do."

The burden of condemnation rolled away, and I was freely pardoned. When I reached home the sun was gilding the west with radiance and glory; so the Sun of my soul seemed to be flooding my heart with light and peace. It was not a rapturous joy, but peace like a river, continually growing wider and deeper. My experience was clear and definite. I knew that I had passed from death unto life, and the joy this blessed assurance gives dwelt in my soul continually. I continued to walk in the light. I had an ardent desire to live a deeply spiritual life. To be merely an "acceptable member of the Church" was not enough. I resolved that I would take for my motto this verse,

> "Be as holy and as happy
> And as useful here below,
> As it is your Father's pleasure—
> Jesus, *only Jesus* know."

I did grow in grace, but the progress I made seemed very slow and unsatisfactory. I was constantly struggling against inbred sin. The carnal mind would assert itself, and with tears and self-abasement I was often led to cry, "I am carnal, sold under sin." "For I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." "For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do." "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." I resolved in the strength of grace that I would be made "free from the law of sin and death." I said, "O Jesus! if thou canst do the work, let it be done quickly, instantaneously!" And I began to seek earnestly for entire sanctification.

Time would fail me in telling of the conflicts with the powers of darkness, the struggles of my soul in trying, in some way, to free itself from the body of this death, before sin and self were abandoned and the heart was unconditionally surrendered to Christ. I sought earnestly for months. My anxiety was so great that at times I was almost overwhelmed. My conviction was much deeper than that preceding conversion. I wept, fasted, prayed, consecrated and humbled myself before the Lord over and over again. I would have given life itself to have secured the blessing. Often amid tears I sang,

"I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood.
To dwell within thy wounds, then pain
Is sweet, or life, or death is gain."

Blessed be God, the fountain was open! Christ was more willing to bestow than I was to receive, but I did not understand the way of faith. I was young, less than sixteen years of age, had never heard a sermon on the subject, had read but little; did not know where to procure the helps I needed. I reversed God's order. I said I must feel that the work is done before I believe it. To be sanctified wholly is a great blessing, and my joy must be correspondingly great, and until I have a joy unspeakable and full of glory I will not believe. Thus I lingered, and could not enter in because of unbelief. At times I was tempted to regret that I had ever heard of the doctrine, for before this I was happy in the enjoyment of justifying grace. Now I had come up to the Red Sea of difficulty. I had received the command, "Go forward!" To retreat must be spiritual death. How to go forward I did not know. But the God who divided the Red Sea opened the way for me also. One day I went to a prayer-meeting, hoping to hear something on the subject that would bring relief to my mind, but was disappointed. As I was returning home, bearing on my heart a burden that seemed unendurable, I prayed earnestly to God for help. While passing a house, a lady with whom I was only slightly acquainted, and

who knew nothing of the state of my mind, called to me, saying, "I have a little book here which perhaps you may like to read." "What is it?" I eagerly inquired. "I do not know," she replied; "I have not read it; but I know it is good because my friend, Mrs. A., who lives in New York, sent it to me; and just as you came in sight the thought occurred to me that you had so much more leisure than I it would be well for you to read it first." I opened the book. It was entitled *A Present to My Christian Friend*, by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. In it the author beautifully describes the way of faith. I went to my room, and, falling upon my knees before God, I read every word before rising. O what a feast to my hungry soul! Every question that had perplexed me was satisfactorily answered, every difficulty removed. Presenting myself to Christ was such a reasonable sacrifice, and after doing this it was so easy to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God. If an angel had come down from heaven and handed me the book I could not have believed more fully that God sent it to me. Now the mystery vanished and the simplicity of faith amazed me, and in the calmness of that hour I took Jesus as my complete Saviour from all sin. There was no rapturous joy, but the burden was gone. The "man of sin" was cast out, and Christ had entire possession, while a peace which passeth all understanding seemed to permeate my entire being.

That night I dreamed that in company with a friend, who had a few weeks before entered into this perfect peace, I was walking on a narrow strip of land "'twixt two unbounded seas," when suddenly a cyclone or storm of wind arose. I looked at my friend. It did not disturb her—did not even move the folds of her dress—while I was powerless before it. It lifted me from the earth and was bearing me out to the ocean. I caught hold of the branches of a tree that overhung the water, but they began to bend and break. I thought, "I shall surely be drowned in the depths of the sea." In my anguish I cried, "Lord, increase my faith! Lord, increase my faith!" Immediately the branches broke, but instead of sinking I began to rise, and with nothing but the ocean beneath me and the sky above me I floated outward and upward nearer and nearer to God, while my soul was filled with ineffable glory. In a few moments I was awakened by my now sainted mother, who said: "What is the matter? Do you know you were making a noise? You were shouting Glory! at the top of your voice." "It was only a dream, dear mother; but God has been teaching me wondrously to-day, and to-night he is teaching me to let go of every earthly support and by simple faith alone launch out into the ocean of God's infinite love."

I rested here for about two weeks, when one day the Holy Spirit whispered: "'They overcame by

the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.' You have believed and received, now confess him." The enemy said: "Will you dare profess that you are perfect in love when you have no evidence, only the word?" I said: "Yes! I know, by faith I know. God's word is more reliable than my emotions; when I have a favorable opportunity I will tell to the glory of God what he has done for me." A few days after, while seated at the tea-table with a company of Christians, a clergyman said to me: "My young sister, have you ever reached the point where you felt that you could claim Christ as your Saviour from all sin? Do you love God supremely?" I replied: "I trust I have. I hope I do." Instantly the Spirit seemed to say: "That is not faith. That is not definite. That does not glorify me. You said you knew by faith. Tell them so." I said so loud that all could hear, "Yes, I know that Jesus saves me from all sin. I do love God with all my heart." No sooner had I uttered the words than I felt a strength and power imparted that I had never before experienced. That evening the pastor called upon me to pray audibly, and while lifting my heart to Christ the Holy Ghost fell upon me, and I was lost in "wonder, love, and praise."

For months that followed I seemed to be in a new world. The whole earth seemed illumined with divine light. The very air seemed laden

with the breath of God and the perfumes of Paradise. What sympathy was there between my divine Lord and myself! How heartily I entered into all his plans for the evangelization of the world and the conversion of sinners! How my heart yearned with unutterable longings for the sanctification of believers and for the baptism of fire to fall upon the entire Church of God! O what humility was mine, what self-abnegation, what a sinking into Christ! And when the Angel of the Covenant touched my lips with living fire what a change was wrought in me! I, who had ever been afraid of the sound of my own voice, so timid, so shrinking, who had felt myself to be weakness personified, was now upheld by Omnipotent power!

The word of the Lord was like fire shut up in my bones. I was weary with refraining, and to every call of the Spirit I responded, "Here am I, Lord, send me!"

I would mention some of my difficulties and triumphs in becoming established in holiness. With humiliation I recall many lapses, with gratitude the forbearance and long-suffering of the Holy Spirit. The lapses came in neglecting to testify to this saving grace. In my earlier experience the enemy suggested that as so many in the church were older and wiser and richer in Christian graces than myself, at whose feet I could sit and learn of Jesus, and they did not profess

this blessing, therefore it would be immodest for me to say much about it; that I could live it, and the life would testify sufficiently without words. As often as I yielded to this suggestion I lost ground and in a measure was shorn of my strength; and I have learned by experience that I must not only believe in my heart, but also confess with my mouth this uttermost salvation. Many years have passed since I entered this blessed "Beulah land." God has kept me by his power, not stationary, but constantly advancing from grace to grace, and from glory to glory, until often in amazement my soul cries out, "My Lord and my God!"

"Like a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace.
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way."

MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *September* 21, 1887.

XXVIII.

LUCRETIA A. CULLIS.

I HAD a light-hearted child-life, and never thought of being religious. In my eleventh year, in the Congregational Church, where my father and mother worshiped, I listened to the earnest presentation of gospel truths by Dr. E. N. Kirk. The sense of sin was awakened. One night I had gone to bed, but the weight of my sin I could not bear. I jumped up, sought my mother's bedside, and with sobs and tears besought her to pray for me. Kneeling there together the answer came. I arose "in the light." In the sweet relief of sins forgiven I quietly slept. Sad to say, those were the days when little or no help was given the child-convert. I know the matter was discussed of joining the Church, but put aside as not suitable for one so young. Thus my early ardor soon burned itself out after a few little prayer-meetings which I called among my childish friends.

I soon began to see inconsistencies in those about me who called themselves Christians and were accepted by the Church. This practice increased as I soon after entered the family of a loved aunt and

uncle who were childless, and held me as their own. These were the years of antislavery conflict. My relatives had been excommunicated from the orthodox Congregational Church on account of their outspoken sympathy with the slaves. So ardent was their adherence to their great champion, William Lloyd Garrison, that with him their hearts revolted from the teachings of the Church, and from the Bible that was made the bulwark of slavery. My mind worked something in this way, "How is it that I see in these who regard not the Church or the Bible, such strong and active sympathy for the suffering and oppressed, just as Jesus preached and lived, while others, who are so stanch for the Church and its requirements, seem dead to these Christ-like demands?" Thus I puzzled and quietly asked myself, "What is truth?" declaring at the same time, "If ever I am a Christian I will be a real one." Overlying these depths was a love of gay society, and dawning womanhood found me still unsettled and questioning. I must not omit here that during all these passing years I attended Sabbath-school at the Congregational Church, as it was my mother's wish. I am sure it was due to the teaching of two faithful, devoted women, that the early call to Christ was not swallowed up in the maze of worldliness and unreality, from which the religion of antislavery was not powerful enough to keep. I very briefly pass over the years that introduced me to a life

of intense joy and satisfaction in all that the senses can crave, of the sudden and bitter grief that plunged me into utter darkness, and tell only of the supreme moment when God's infinite love pierced that darkness, and a heart utterly broken and helpless, alone in a foreign land, heard the long-neglected call of the patient, loving Christ, and responded without a thought of self, "Now, Lord, I will live for Thee!" Then followed a long and lonely voyage, a freed soul chained to a weary, helpless body, but "bearing all things, hoping all things," for the love of Christ.

With the return to home and friends came blessed work for Jesus, and, without knowing the gospel of healing for the body, life was a continual testimony to the "quickening of the mortal body" by the "Holy Ghost that dwelleth in you."

To read that "In the last days, saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . ." became to my soul an immediate possession, my entire being responded to its power, for "out of the depths" had I cried, "My God, I will live for thee!"

"The victory that overcometh" seemed easy, it became a testimony that could not be withheld, and, woman that I was, with the Church traditions my birthright, there was a fire within that all the cold water without could not quench; and, diffident as any real woman must be, I yet sought a church

where free vent could be given to the pent-up Holy Ghost, or I must cry, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned!" Little by little, God in his goodness led me to know little companies where his "Spirit had free course," and finally into that large place where my husband and I have walked these twenty years in the "work of faith," knowing God's faithfulness to answer prayer, to deliver from temptation, to keep from evil, to preserve unto his heavenly kingdom, to make his service a rest, a joy; where we are not continually digging up our hearts to see what roots are there, but sure that he who has "planted us in the likeness of his resurrection" is attending to the "growing up into him," "unto the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ."

It has become the normal condition to "be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to let our requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God doth keep. . . ."

In the years before my faith became really active, in all time of need my Bible was not an unused book; its words were food to my soul, many of which were stored in my memory, and I am positive that God was watering that which was of his own planting, so that in the harvest-time of my sorrow, like goodly fruit the promises fell from the bough of the Tree of Life at the lightest real touch of faith. There was no digging necessary then; the sub-soil

was laid bare, and quickly the Word became "spirit and life," the seal of the divine union. Thus is explained the easy natural reception of "The Promise of the Father."

As I afterward came to know, my union with Christ was only kept unbroken as, by a momentary faith, I reckoned myself "dead unto sin and alive unto God." Not a passive, but an active faith, that heeds the injunction, to "watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation," so abiding in Him that the life of Christ is renewed day by day. This is no life of constraint, or anxious care, but a rest in his love. The bridegroom of my soul hath brought me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me is love. My heart is his kingdom, and my eyes are unto him.

"Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me, his prisoner; but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the Gospel according to the power of God; who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began."—2 Tim. 1. 8, 9.

LUCRETIA A. CULLIS.

BEACON HILL PLACE, BOSTON, MASS., *Aug.* 16, 1887.

XXIX.

CHARLES CULLIS, M.D.

I WAS brought up in a very respectable church, and knew nothing about conversion. At about the age of seventeen I felt that I ought to be a Christian. How, I did not know. Nobody told me. I supposed the only way would be to read the Bible and pray, and I went at it. When I was converted I do not know, but I am very sure I was. I don't know the date, for there was no particular sensation or emotion to mark it. Some four or five years after that I met with a great sorrow, and I consecrated myself wholly to God. Soon after I thought about doing something for the Master, and it came about, in answer to prayer, in the establishment of a Consumptives' Home and other institutions. My thought then was how to conduct this work—whether or not I should beg. The promises of God were brought very forcibly to my mind as to whether they were true or not. I puzzled over them for a few days, and the more I puzzled and thought the more doubt began to come in, until one day I took my Bible between my two hands, and, holding it up, in my room alone, I said,

"I will believe every word inside of these two covers whether I understand it or not."

From that moment to this I have never had the least shadow of doubt of the truth of God's word, and have acted upon the promises and lived according to them for nearly twenty-five years.

This was my justified state, in which I found a good deal of comfort; but how should I get rid of the natural temperament, and the failing, which was a great one with me, of getting irritated over very little things, and then getting vexed with myself because I did get irritated! I had spent hours and hours upon my knees, with tears running down my cheeks, praying that the Lord would help me to overcome this; but he did not.

One day, in prayer, the Lord's Prayer came home to me very blessedly by the Spirit, in its closing sentences, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." It flashed through my soul in a moment, "Thine is the power, and, Lord, I have been asking thee to help me to overcome this; thine is the power to do it all;" and with joy unspeakable in my soul I got up from my knees praising God for victory. Whether this was my reception of sanctification or not I do not know. It is the only very marked experience of deliverance that I ever had. I believe that years ago he gave me a clean heart and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. There have been occasional slight lapses

through weakness of faith, but the light has been burning steadily from that day to this. My Saviour has become more and more precious to me, and I am conscious that the blood cleanseth, and the Holy Ghost abides.

CHARLES CULLIS.

BOSTON, MASS., *Feb.* 24, 1888.

PART SECOND.

I.

PROF. ASA MAHAN, LL.D.

(CONGREGATIONALIST.)

ON Sabbath, November 9, 1884, I completed the the eighty-fifth year of my life. The first seventeen years of this period were spent in the darkness of impenitency and sin, a state rightly represented by the words "having no hope, and without God in the world." The following eighteen years I lived and walked in the dim twilight of that semi-faith which fully knows Christ in the sphere of "justification by faith," but knows almost nothing of him in the sphere of "sanctification by faith," and is absolutely ignorant of him in the promise, "he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." During the subsequent fifty years I have found grace "to walk with God" in that sphere of cloudless sunlight in which "we are complete in Christ," and know him as "our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption"—know him not only as "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," but as "he that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost," and in which, consequently,

"God is our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning are ended."

I am distinctly aware of the fact that should I, in speaking of the past, use a single word or sentence for self-glorification, I should grievously offend my God and Saviour, and in a corresponding degree wrong my own soul. My object will be to state merely such facts and characteristics of the periods of my life as may be interesting and instructive to the reader.

Here permit me to say, in general, that while I was in public regard an unexceptionably moral youth, no individual ever did or ever can lead a more godless life than I did. I never in a single instance, excepting at my mother's knee, offered a prayer to God in any form. I never entertained or expressed a sentiment of thanksgiving for a blessing received, or confessed a sin to my God; nor did I ever do or avoid doing a single act from regard to his will, favor or displeasure.

Two facts peculiarized my natural characteristics. On one side my nature was specially tender and sympathetic; while, on the other, it was equally characterized by the strongest and most positive temperaments and propensities. My temper, for example, was very easily excited, and when I was excited I was utterly reckless of all consequences in time or eternity, and of any pain that might be inflicted upon me. The thought

of that temper so horrified me, while alone in my father's pasture, at the age of ten years, that I exclaimed aloud, "This temper will ruin me!" From my early years the principle of ambition had continuous and absolute control over my daily thoughts and all my plans for future life. I would be an educated man, and in that sphere "a man of renown." Everywhere I openly avowed that purpose and made it a leading theme of conversation with those of my own age especially. In no youth that I ever knew did the principles of pride and self-will, the latter especially, exist with such strength as in myself. A more restless nature no one, as it seems to me, ever did possess. Those facts sufficiently indicate my natural disposition and temperament. My mother once called me to her and said, "The neighbors who visited here yesterday afternoon had a conversation about you. They all agreed that if you should live on to manhood you would become a very good or a very bad man. There would be nothing half-way about you."

MY CONVERSION, AND THE SUCCEEDING EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Of my conversion, I may say of a truth that it was, in the judgment of all who knew me, of a very marked and decisive character, being followed by a visible change in character and life, such as was seldom witnessed. During the first five years of my

Christian life I was directly instrumental in originating four important revivals of religion—three of these occurring in the schools which I taught, and these where no work of grace existed within hearing distance around. Nor was my ministry of eight years' continuance, during this period, a fruitless one; no less, I suppose, than 2,000 souls being added to the churches through my instrumentality.

MARKED CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS OF MY CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. There was, at length, notwithstanding all my prayers and efforts to the contrary, a gradual fading out of that joy, and a conscious diminution of the ardency of that love, until I was fully at home in the sentiment of the hymn:

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

That "aching void" remained a characteristic of my religious life up to the close of the period now under consideration.

2. Not long after my religious life commenced I found, to my great sorrow and regret, that those sinful propensities which had held absolute control

over me during the era of my impenitency still existed, and when temptation arose "warred in my members" with seeming undiminished strength, and were frequently "bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which was in my members." No believer, as it seems to me, ever did or ever can strive more resolutely and untiringly than I did to subdue and hold in subjection his evil propensities, or made less progress to effect his purpose than I did. When subject to strong and especially sudden temptation I found myself not more than a conqueror, but a groaning captive. For eighteen years, for example, I maintained a most determined war upon that evil temper; yet, when suddenly provoked, I found myself, and that invariably, betrayed into words and acts of which I would have occasion to repent and confess as sins. How often did I exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Nor did my struggles and most determined resolutions issue in any seeming increase of power over these propensities.

3. During these eighteen years, after the fading of my primal joys, I was from time to time troubled and not unfrequently agonized with painful doubts —doubts about my standing as a believer, about the truth of the Gospel, and a future state as revealed in the same. I seemed to myself to be among the number who feared the Lord, obeyed the voice of

his servants, and yet walked in darkness and had no light.

4. As far as the inner life was concerned, I seemed to myself to be making no progress. I did considerably grow in knowledge, and in power as a preacher, but the light within did not brighten on toward the perfect day.

5. The fear and dread of death, which had thrown such a deep gloom over my impenitent life, continued to oppress me during the eighteen years under consideration, rendering my ministerial visitations to the sick and attendance upon funerals seasons of great trial and pensiveness. Thus far "through fear of death I had all my life-time been subject to bondage."

6. I did know how to preach the Gospel to the impenitent, to lead inquiring sinners unto Christ for the pardon of sin; and I could also "preach the doctrines" to believers, urge them to faithfulness in duty, to labor and pray for the conversion of sinners, and to liberal contributions for every good cause. In all these respects I had good success in my sacred calling; but when I reflected upon such precepts and utterances as the following: "Feed my sheep," "Comfort ye the feeble-minded, support the weak," "I long to see you, that I may impart to you some spiritual gift, to the end that ye may be established," I said to myself, "There is a lack in me of essential qualifications for the highest

functions of my sacred calling." I did not know how to conduct religious conversation among my people; "to feed the flock of God."

7. I saw there was an essential defect in my experience and character as a Christian. I read and prayerfully pondered such passages as the following; namely, "The water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee;" "Whom having not seen, ye love, and in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;" "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that hath loved us," etc. As I read such passages I said to myself, "My experience hardly approaches that which is here revealed as the common privilege of all the saints." In the secret of my own spirit I said, "I will never cease inquiry and prayer until 'God shall open the eyes of my understanding, that I may know the things which are freely given us of God.'" After some years of most diligent inquiry and prayer my eyes were opened, and "I beheld with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," and "knew the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," and merged "out of darkness into God's marvelous light." In that light I have lived and walked for the past fifty years.

When I reflected, as I often did, upon this up-and down sinning and repenting form of life on this lower plane, I frequently said to myself, "This does indeed seem to be a strange kind of service to offer to my God and Redeemer. I know, however, of no other way of leading a religious life but to do as I am doing—that is, renewing a broken purpose as often as broken, and after every fall to rise up and start anew with the same purpose as before." When a sense of weariness and despondency came over me in view of the facts of such a life, I often repeated to myself the words, "Faint, yet pursuing."

During all those years such passages as the following were a dead letter to me: passages in which "the very God of peace" promises, on condition that "he is inquired of by us to do it for us," that he will himself "sprinkle clean water upon us, and we shall be clean;" that "he will turn his hand upon us, and purely purge away our dross, and take away all our sin;" that he will "sanctify us wholly, and preserve our whole spirit and soul and body blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When I apprehended that he was just as able to "sanctify me wholly" as to justify me fully, then, totally renouncing self and self-dependence, I entered upon the faith-life in its true and proper form.

MY FIFTY YEARS' WALK WITH GOD.

And here permit me to remark that there has been during this entire period a total disappearance of all those painful experiences which threw such a "disastrous twilight" over the preceding eighteen years of my Christian life. The peace and joy which, as an unfailing and unfading light, have filled and occupied these past fifty years have so far surpassed and eclipsed the "peaceful hours enjoyed" during the ardency of my "first love" that the latter is seldom "remembered or comes into mind." Not a throb of pain from the "aching void" so long left in my heart by the passing away of those "peaceful hours" has been experienced during these fifty years. On the other hand, that void has been occupied and filled by "the peace of God" during this entire period.

During these fifty years I have almost, and I might say quite, ceased to be conscious of the existence and action of those evil propensities (lusts) which, during the preceding eighteen years, "warred in my members" and so often rendered me a groaning captive "under the law of sin and death," "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus having made me free" from that old law. Immediately after my entrance into "the brightness of the divine rising" I became blissfully conscious that all my propensities were, by divine grace, put under my absolute control; that I was no longer a groan-

ing captive, but the Lord's free man—free and divinely empowered to employ all faculties and propensities, physical and mental, as "instruments of righteousness in the divine service."

In but one single instance, for example, have I, during all these fifty years, been conscious at all of a movement of that evil temper, the strongest of all my propensities, and that was but for an instant, and occurred some thirty or forty years since, no one suspecting the fact but myself. Brother Finney, after our very intimate association of fifteen years' continuance at Oberlin, made the statement to a leading minister, a mutual friend of ours: "Brother Mahan never gets angry, nor does he ever, under the severest provocations or the most trying and disturbing providences, lose the even balance of his mind."

As the result of fifty years' experience and careful self-watchfulness I present myself as a witness for Christ, that "our old man may be crucified with him," and "the body of sin destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin." Were those old propensities against which I so long and vainly fought, and whose existence and action within I so long and deeply lamented, now warring or acting at all in the inner man, should I not be, sometimes, at least, conscious of the fact?

Nor has a shadow of one of those doubts which so frequently darkened my vision—doubts of my

standing with God, of the truth of his word, and of an eternity to come—had for a moment a place in my experience since "the Sun of Righteousness rose upon my soul with healing in his wings."

In the inner life also there has been during these fifty years, not as formerly, little or no conscious growth, but an increasing knowledge of my indwelling God and Saviour, and a consciously growing "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light," as well as of the doctrine and the great revelations of the sacred word. Knowledge now, also, as it had not then, has a consciously transforming power, changing the moral being into the image of Christ, "from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

The fear and dread of death which threw such a deep gloom over my impenitence, and continued to oppress me during the eighteen years of my primal Christian life, has never approached my mind since "the brightness of the rising" at the commencement of the period now under consideration. O! how sweet is the whisper of the angel,

"In my room,
A few more shadows and he will come."

As long as Christ has work for me here I much prefer earth to heaven; when that work shall have been finished I am possessed of but one desire, and that is, "To be absent from the body and present

with the Lord." My entrance into the higher life was attended by two important facts—a vast increase of effective power in preaching Christ to the impenitent, and "the edification of the body of Christ" (believers) became the leading characteristic and luxury of my ministry. Religious conversions became as easy and spontaneous as the outflow of water from a living fountain. How often have I had occasion to repeat the word of the apostle as applicable to myself: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

Should I designate what I regard as one of the leading, if not *the* leading, characteristics of my experience and life during these fifty years I should refer to such Scriptures as the following: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee;" "And the fruit of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever;" "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." At intervals my joy in God becomes so full and

overflowing that it seems as if the great deep of the mind is being broken up. But my peace, quietness, and assurance know no interruption. "In whatever state I am, I have learned therewith to be content;" my abiding-place being the center of the sweet will of my God.

Should I be asked, "Have you not sinned during these many years?" my reply would be, "I set up no such pretension as that. This I do profess, however: that I find grace to "serve Christ with a pure conscience.' But while 'I know nothing by (against) myself, yet am I not hereby justified, but He that judgeth me is God.' I do 'have confidence toward God,' because 'my heart condemns me not.' I have this evidence also, that the love I have does cast out all 'fear that hath torment.' In the consciousness of such facts I commit to Christ the keeping of my soul, and that in 'the full assurance of faith,' the full assurance of hope, 'the full assurance of understanding.'"

As the result of these fifty years' experience and widely-extended and careful observation, together with the most careful and prayerful study of every part of the word of God which bears upon the subject, I may add here that not a shadow of a doubt rests upon my mind of the absolute truth of these great doctrines, namely, the doctrines of justification by faith, sanctification by faith, and of the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be received by faith.

Soon after I became conscious of a personal union with Christ, "I in him and he in me," I inquired of the Lord whether such blissful union could be an abiding one. In specific answer to such inquiry this promise was, all-impressively, presented to my faith, and has ever since abode in my heart as the light of my life; namely, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the day of mourning shall be ended."

ASA MAHAN.

II.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.*

(CHURCH OF ENGLAND.)

ONE day Frances received in a letter a tiny book with the title "All for Jesus." She read it carefully. Its contents arrested her attention. It set forth a fullness of Christian experience and blessing exceeding that to which she had as yet attained. She was gratefully conscious of having for many years loved the Lord and delighted in his service; but there was in her experience a falling short of the standard, not so much of a holy walk and conversation as of uniform brightness and continuous enjoyment in the divine life. "All for Jesus" she found went straight to this point of the need and longing of her soul. Writing in reply to the author of the little book she said: "I do so long for deeper and fuller teaching in my own heart; 'All for Jesus' has touched me very much. I know I love Jesus, and there are times when I feel such intensity of love to him that I have not words to describe it. I rejoice, too, in him as my 'Master' and 'Sovereign,' but I want to come nearer still, to have the full realization

* From a tract published by James H. Earle, Boston, written by the sister of Miss Havergal, and entitled *F. R. H.'s Second Experience.*

of John 14. 21, and to know 'the power of his resurrection' even if it be with the fellowship of his sufferings. And all this, not exactly for my own joy alone, but for others. So I want Jesus to speak to me, to say 'many things' to me, that I may speak for him to others with real power. It is not knowing doctrine, but being with him, which will give this."

God did not leave her long in this state of mind. He himself had shown her that there were "regions beyond" of blessed experience and service; had kindled in her very soul the intense desire to go forward and possess them; and now, in his own grace and love, he took her by the hand and led her into the goodly land. A few words from her correspondent on the power of Jesus to *keep* those who abide in him from falling, and on the continually present power of his blood ("the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin") were used by the Master in effecting this. Very joyously she replied: "I see it all, and I have the blessing."

The "sunless ravines" were now forever passed, and henceforth her peace and joy flowed onward, deepening and widening under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost. The blessing she had received had (to use her own words) "lifted her whole life into sunshine, of which all she had previously experienced was but as pale and passing April gleams, compared with the fullness of summer glory."

The practical effect of this was most evident in

her daily, true-hearted, whole-hearted service for her King, and also in the increased joyousness of the unswerving obedience of her home life, the surest test of all.

To the reality of this I do most willingly and fully testify. Some time afterward, in answer to my question, when we were talking quietly together, Frances said: "Yes it was on Advent Sunday, Dec. 2d, 1873, I first saw clearly the blessedness of true consecration. I saw it as a flash of electric light, and what you see you can never *unsee*. There must be full surrender before there can be full blessedness. God admits you by the one into the other. He himself showed me all this most clearly. You know how singularly I have been withheld from attending all conventions and conferences; man's teaching has consequently had but little to do with it. First, I was shown that 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin,' and then it was made plain to me that he who had thus cleansed me had power to keep me clean; so I just utterly yielded myself to him and utterly trusted him to keep me."

I replied that "it seemed to me if we did thus yield ourselves to the Lord we could not take ourselves back again, any more than the Levitical sacrifices, once accepted by the priest, were returned by him to the offerer."

"Yes," she rejoined, "just so. Still, I see there can be renewal of the surrender, as in our commun-

ion service, where we say: 'And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies.' And there may also be a fuller surrender, even long after a surrender has once, or many times before, been made. He has brought me into the 'highway of holiness,' up which I trust every day to progress, continually pressing forward, led by the Spirit of God. And I do indeed find that with it comes a happy trusting, not only in all great matters, but in all the little things also, so that I cannot say 'so and so worries me.'

"I would distinctly state, that it is only as and while a soul is under the full power of the blood of Christ that it can be cleansed from all sin; that one moment's withdrawal from that power, and it is again actively because really sinning; and that it is only as, and while, kept by the power of God himself that we are not sinning against him; one instant of standing alone is certain fall! But (premising that) have we not been limiting the cleansing power of the precious blood when applied by the Holy Spirit, and also the keeping power of our God? Have we not been limiting 1 John 1. 7, by practically making it refer only to 'the remission of sins that are past' instead of taking the grand simplicity of 'cleanseth us from *all* sin?' 'All' is *all;* and as we may trust him to cleanse from the stain of past sins so we may trust him to cleanse from all present defilement; yes, all! If not, we take away from this

most precious promise, and, by refusing to take it in its fullness, lose the fullness of its application and power. Then we limit God's power to 'keep;' we look at our frailty more than at his omnipotence. Where is the line to be drawn beyond which he is not able? The very keeping implies total helplessness without it, and the very cleansing most distinctly implies defilement without it. It was that one word 'cleanseth' which opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. I had never seen the force of the tense before, a continual present, always a present tense, not a present which the next moment becomes a past. It goes on cleansing, and I have no words to tell how my heart rejoices in it. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a remaining in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing.

"Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is 'able to do,' or even of what we have thought he might be able to do for us? Why not receive God's promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand? 'Take the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked;' 'He is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things;' and so on, through whole constellations of promises, which surely mean really and fully what they say.

"One arrives at the same thing, starting almost from anywhere. Take Philippians 4. 19, 'your need;' well, what is my great need and craving of soul? Surely it is now (having been justified by faith, and having assurance of salvation,) to be made holy by the continual sanctifying power of God's Spirit; to be kept from grieving the Lord Jesus; to be kept from thinking or doing whatever is not accordant with his holy will.

"Oh what a need is this! And it is said 'He shall supply all need;' now shall we turn round and say 'all' does not mean quite all? Both as to the commands and the promises, it seems to me that anything short of believing them as they stand is but another form of 'yea hath God said?'

"Thus accepting, in simple and unquestioning faith, God's commands and promises, one seems to be at once brought into intensified views of everything. Never, O never before, did sin seem so hateful, so really 'intolerable,' nor watchfulness so necessary, and a keenness and uninterruptedness of watchfulness too, beyond what one ever thought of, only somehow different, not a distressed sort but a happy sort. It is the watchfulness of a sentinel when his captain is standing by him on the ramparts, when his eye is more than ever on the alert for any sign of the approaching enemy, because he knows they can only approach to be defeated. Then, too, the 'all for Jesus' comes in; one sees there is no

half way; it must be absolutely all yielded up, because the least unyielded or doubtful point is sin, let alone the great fact of owing all to him. And one cannot, dare not, temporize with sin. I know and have found that even a momentary hesitation about yielding, or obeying, or trusting and believing, vitiates all; the communion is broken, the joy vanished; only, thank God, this never need continue even five minutes; faith may plunge instantly into 'the fountain open for sin and uncleanness,' and again find its power to cleanse and restore. Then one wants to have more and more light; one does not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because one so wants to have the unknown depths of it cleansed as well as what comes to the surface. 'Cleanse me thoroughly from my sins;' and one prays to be shown this. But so far as one does see one must 'put away sin' and obey entirely; and here again his power is our resource, enabling us to do what without it we could not do.

"One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word 'cleanseth.' The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfillment to me, on simply believing it in its fullness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of heaven. I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two sentences in letters from a total stranger were little.

I am so conscious of his direct teaching and guidance through his word and Spirit in the matter that I cannot think I can ever unsee it again. I have waited many months before writing this, so it is no new and untested theory to me; in fact, experience came before theory and is more to me than any theory.

III.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.*

(METHODIST.)

BORN in Trenton, New Jersey, August 7, 1810, died in New York city, October 4, 1883. She was reared in a Christian home and was an unusually thoughtful, conscientious child. She was clearly converted at a little more than ten years of age, February 18, 1821. Of her early experience she wrote: "My peace and joy in the Lord abounded, and for some weeks I felt nothing contrary to perfect love." Afterward she "felt the rising of depraved nature, which, though subdued, still remained, and was constantly striving to gain the ascendency and usurp the throne of which the adorable Redeemer had possession. To prevent sin from having dominion over me was my unceasing effort, and my soul was pained and grieved exceedingly to feel the workings of this vile enemy within."

A few months after her entrance upon the Christian life the Rev. Joseph Lybrand became her

* This account was prepared for this volume by the son and biographer of Mrs. James. As far as possible the narration is given in her own words, as indicated by quotation marks, the passages in the third person having been so written as a matter of her taste.

pastor, and "most clearly, forcibly and constantly preached the doctrine of a full salvation as the privilege of all the children of God." He also took pains to explain this experience to "little Mary," the youngest lamb of his flock. She writes: "From the hour in which it was first presented as my privilege I sought it with unremitting diligence. I presented myself to God 'a living sacrifice,' in the bonds of an everlasting covenant, and began to reckon myself to be 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' This, I think, was about six months after my conversion. I did not at that time receive the evidence that the work was fully wrought."

In her diary she wrote, January 3, 1823: "I thirst for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. O Jesus, give me power to lay hold of thy promise by faith. I cannot rest till I am wholly sanctified."

Two days later she attended a prayer-meeting in which she was called upon to pray, but "was tempted to refuse." "As the leader of the meeting said the second time, 'Pray, sister Mary, God will help you,' she looked up to Jesus, casting herself upon him, and began her supplication. Having uttered only a sentence or two her spirit was caught up into the infinite presence, and, for more than an hour, she was talking with Jesus face to face, unconscious of all earthly things. Her body was prostrated as if lifeless. It was during that

memorable hour that the all-cleansing blood was applied and her heart was made pure."

January 10, 1823, this child, then less than thirteen years of age, wrote in her diary: "Glory to God in the highest! He has heard my prayers, and this night my soul rejoices in that 'perfect love' which 'casteth out fear.' O how happy I am! Where shall I begin to praise my Saviour for his goodness to me? It is now more than a year since I enlisted under the banner of Jesus, and he has kept me by his power until this time. I have had many temptations and trials, and sometimes have not lived as near to God as I ought to have done, but, blessed be his dear name, he has upheld me by his gracious hand, and I am at this moment a wit, ness that his precious blood cleanseth from all sin."

While yet a young woman, Mary Yard wrote in a letter to a friend: "To describe the difference between my feelings at the time of my justification and sanctification would be impossible. Indeed, I believe that sanctification is but the extension or fullness of the former blessing, the brightness of meridian splendor compared to the dawn. . . . But the figure will not hold good any further than the sun's meridian; for the Christian having the fullness of perfect love still goes onward. 'Higher mounts his soul and higher.' His capacities enlarge, and he abounds in love yet more and more."

Twice the brightness of the evidence of this ex-

perience was dimmed. While yet a little child she listened to the advice of older persons and ceased to speak definitely of the grace given her, and "had a season of spiritual darkness, which, however, was of short duration." Again in 1835, upon her removal to Mount Holly, N. J., as the wife of Mr. Henry B. James, she ceased to bear testimony specifically in regard to full redemption. "She sincerely believed herself justifiable in withholding her testimony to the power of the blood that cleanseth. For a long time she pursued this course without compunctions of conscience, but wondering why she was shorn of strength when she attempted to speak or pray, and why she felt that there seemed an intervening mist, half concealing the brightness of her Saviour's face, while she felt the same ardent love to him and devotion to the interests of his kingdom. The consciousness that his presence was a less vivid realization caused her deep sorrow." This sorrow was increased when Mrs. James learned that her course in this regard had hindered others. In 1840, during a visit to the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Palmer, in New York, this matter was set forever at rest. "From this visit she returned to her home full of holy energy and strong purpose to work for God. Her glowing soul longed to show forth his praise who so gloriously revealed himself to her." She at once began to speak in unmistakable terms of the doctrine and experience—

a course from which she never deviated during the forty-three years that remained to her on earth. She never professed to be "sinless," or "perfect," or "holy," but loved, on all occasions when she thought it would honor her Master, to confess that Jesus saved her completely and filled her with his perfect love. In a letter to a friend she wrote: "In the retrospect of sixty-two years it gives me unspeakable pleasure to know that my entire life has been consecrated to his blessed service. O, if I had served him more faithfully, more acceptably! It is the sweetest joy of my heart to look up to my Saviour and say:

'Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify,
I wrap it round my soul;
In it I live and die.'"

After threescore years of useful, happy living in the consciousness of this full salvation, she sat one morning talking with those "of like precious faith," in regard to the great salvation, when she "was not, for God took her."

IV.

REV. WILLIAM BUTLER, D.D.*

(METHODIST.)

FROM childhood I was connected with the Episcopal Church—an attendant on its services and Sunday-school, and diligent in all its duties; so that I "profited above many" of my class associates, and bore off, because of my superior knowledge of the word of God, several of the valuable premiums in the yearly examinations. No doubt of the safety and graciousness of my condition had ever entered my mind. I was taught, and I believed it, that in baptism "I was made a member of Christ, a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." What more could I need? I regarded myself as safe for eternity. Had any one asked "a reason of the hope that was in me," or why I laid this flattering unction to my soul so confidently, I would have appealed to the book and replied, "My Catechism tells me so; I was made all this 'in my baptism.'" On this unscriptural dogma I was risking all my future welfare. Of repentance, faith in the Lord

* This experience was compiled from Dr. Butler's writings and submitted to him. Dr. Butler was born in 1818.

Jesus, the new birth, or the witness of the Spirit, I knew nothing and had never heard. Truly

> "A form of godliness was mine,
> The power I never knew."

But a compassionate God was preparing another agency to undeceive me, to open my eyes and turn me from darkness to light, that I might receive forgiveness of my sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified, all through the instrumentality of a blessed woman of God, the wife of one of her majesty's judges (Sydney Mary Crampton), who had recently moved into our neighborhood.

She walked out every morning and distributed tracts and talked to people about religion. I found myself sincerely hoping that I should not fall into her hands or be talked to by her. I did not wish to be disturbed as to my religious condition. On inquiring as to her appearance, she was represented to me as tall, refined, and delicate looking. It was singular how uncomfortable I became by the presence of this "Methodist" in our neighborhood, and how much I began to fear that I might come in contact with her, and that she might talk to me about my religious state.

It was only a few mornings after hearing of the lady that I rose earlier than usual to attend to some business, and, going along the road near St. Valori, I saw her coming toward me attended by her maid.

From the description I felt assured this must be the lady! I at once slackened my pace in order to get time to decide what I should do to escape. The wall on either side of the road was some six feet high and I could not jump over. It looked cowardly to turn back and escape by walking away from her, so I concluded to take the alternative which remained, that, as the sidewalk was fully five feet wide, I would, as we approached each other, step to the very outside limit and leave her a wide berth to pass on. Quickening my steps to carry out my purpose, as I came near I saw, to my confusion, that she did not intend to move off to the inside, but was going to stop in the center of the path and so gently bar my way! She afterward told me that before I reached her the Spirit of God seemed to say to her heart, "Speak to this young man." So, as she stopped, I had no alternative but to do the same, and then I ventured to lift my eyes and look at her. How amazed I was, and ashamed as well, that I should have imagined her—"this Methodist"—something of a horror, to be afraid of on meeting! How sweet her face was, and such a smile! She could not but see that I was alarmed at her presence and that I looked rather wild. But she spoke and said in such a gentle way, and in tones that I shall never forget, "Good-morning, young man; may I say a few words to you?" My trepidation at once calmed down, and I looked again at that

saintly face and answered, "Yes, madam, you may say whatever you wish." She saw that she had gained her first point, and stepped nearer till she could touch my sleeve with that white hand, so thin and wasted by the incipient consumption which four years after was to lay her in the grave.

She then said, "I want to ask you this question: Do you pray?" Had she asked me, "Do you say your prayers?" I could have answered with great confidence. But she did not say or mean that, though herself an Episcopalian and well acquainted with the prayer-book. I had never offered an extempore prayer—could not have done it. My heart had not learned to utter its own cry to God according to its own feelings. I had only repeated the language of other people, whether it fully expressed my own condition or not. It was wonderful what clearness there was in her question; how the Spirit of God carried her meaning into my mind. So, though in such darkness, I saw at once what she meant when she asked me if I prayed. Being too manly to tell a falsehood I promptly answered, "No, madam, I do not." She drew a deep sigh and then said, "Well, if you don't pray, *what is to become of your soul?*" Up to that hour I had supposed that my soul was all right, that I was safe for eternity. But the question went through my heart and woke me up to a suspicion, which immediately became a consciousness, that I was unsaved; that my soul was

in danger! Her tender words had "opened my eyes." My ecclesiastical salvation vanished as in a moment, and I saw myself in the sight of God a sinner, guilty and polluted. I hung my head and was silent.

She saw how God was helping her, and touched my arm again. How glad I am that she touched me! She said, "Now listen to me!" She talked, perhaps, less than fifteen minutes. When she ceased I had learned more about true religion than I had gained from all the sermons I had ever heard. The Holy Spirit sealed every word upon my conscience, and I became so submissive to the guidance of God through her that it seemed as though a thread would have led me anywhere to seek salvation. She closed the interview earnestly exhorting me not to lose an hour in carrying out my resolution to seek the Lord, and made me promise to call upon her that evening, and then used these words: "Young man, God is not only able and willing to save your soul, but he is also willing to make you the means of the salvation of other people." These words startled me. Realizing, as I then did, the depth of my own unworthiness, I could not imagine that God would add personal usefulness in my case to personal salvation.

We parted, but I was so determined to lose no time in seeking the Lord that I let the worldly business go for that morning, and walked on to where

I knew there was a gate leading into the field, and there I entered, and behind that wall dropped on my knees and pleaded with God for mercy. The blessed Spirit was helping me and I found words to express myself. Then and there I gave myself to Christ as Saviour and Lord forever, and implored God to make me such a Christian as this lady had taught me I must become in order to be saved. That evening I called upon her, and she further instructed and prayed with me. She also put into my hands the same precious books that had helped herself—Carvosso's Life and Mrs. Rogers's Life—telling me to read them daily along with my Bible, and keep on praying earnestly until I felt that the Lord had converted my soul.

But I had a hard conflict, and a long time elapsed ere I entered into the light and joy of salvation. My dear friend was my only helper. No Methodistic or other evangelical ministry was within my reach, nor any of our precious means of grace. I was "in a dry and thirsty land." The wicked scoffed at me, and some, from whom better things might have been expected, pointed the finger of scorn at "this new Methodist." But I held on, though without any comfort or joy, resolved not to give up seeking, let them persecute as they might. My convictions of sin were very keen. Often I could neither eat nor drink, nor even sleep. Sometimes I was so distressed that I would rise at midnight and

walk the fields, and look up at the stars, and cry out to God above them to come down to my help and grant me mercy. Satan was doing all he could to buffet and discourage me, so that frequently I almost despaired of salvation.

Winter arrived and my friend returned to the city of Dublin, and I was left alone to wrestle with all these difficulties. But after a while I followed her to the city, and on the ensuing Sabbath morning I accompanied her to the Methodist chapel, the first non-conformist service I had ever attended. How simple and apostolic it all appeared! The hearty singing, the extempore prayers, the experimental preaching, all delighted me. My confidence was won. I felt that I had found here the very help my poor discouraged soul required, and it was easy to conclude at once, as I did, that these people should be my people for the rest of my life.

I joined a class. I was no longer alone, without sympathy or assistance, but was helped especially by hearing the experience of others.

One Sunday afternoon while in a meeting for Christian fellowship, held in the vestry of Hendrick Street chapel, I was enabled to rest on Christ as my personal Redeemer. All the burden rolled off my heart and I felt and knew that I was saved! I rose to my feet and at once acknowledged what the Lord had done for my soul, and those present rejoiced with me. This was in 1838.

My precious friend was made happy, and praised God on my behalf. She now urged upon me the duty of mental culture, and advised the keeping a journal of my experience and humble efforts to do good. But, above all, she counseled the devout and regular perusal of the word of God, with special reference to the attainment of that further state of grace to which, as a child of God, I had now become entitled. I was consequently led to join one of those little bands which met to pray for this blessing of purity of heart, that "perfect love which casteth out fear." To be sanctified throughout body, soul and spirit now became my intense desire. I longed to be saved "to the uttermost," and to know for myself what it was to "walk in the light, as he is in the light," and experience that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." I did not trouble myself about definitions of the doctrine, the experience of which I was seeking, no more than I did a few weeks before, when God granted me the blessing of justification. I simply accepted the words above quoted in their manifest meaning, and entreated the Holy Spirit to grant me, in his own way and manner, what they implied. Mr. Wesley's sermon on "The Repentance of Believers," and his "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and also Mr. Fletcher's treatise, greatly helped me; so that I had an intelligent apprehension of what I required and what the word of God

offered to my hope. With all sincerity and strong desire I sought it daily; I might say, hourly. At one of our little meetings a peculiar spirit of earnestness for the blessing sought became manifest. We were kneeling round the center-table in the parlor, and one after the other prayed, and some one suggested that we should sing, as we knelt, and with all the faith we had, these two verses:

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

"Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

As the singing closed all became conscious of the surrounding presence of the holy Sanctifier whom we had invoked. I can describe my own feelings very imperfectly, for this was something beyond what I had ever known before. It seemed to be light and life and love combined so sweetly, and in such an indescribable manner, resulting in

"The speechless awe that dares not move
And all the silent heaven of love."

Christ had become, beyond all former experience, every thing to me, while I seemed to sink at his blessed feet, "lost in astonishment and love." Those,

in any denomination, who have sought and found this grace will understand what I am trying to narrate better than I am able to describe it.

The effect upon me was clear. I had henceforth more delight in devotion, closer intimacy with God, greater stability of heart and character, and more deadness to the world. I was conscious of an increase of calmly fervent zeal to lay out my life to do any thing that my blessed Master might require of me. Perfect peace—"the peace of God that passeth all understanding"—kept my heart and mind from day to day. I was free from excitement, from fluctuation, and from all fear, resting sweetly in the calm sunshine of the New Testament salvation, and living "a life of faith in the Son of God," who, I knew, loved me and had given himself for me.

"O, days of heaven,
And nights of equal praise!"

WILLIAM BUTLER.

V.

ETHEL PERKINS.

(METHODIST.)

[The following experience of a little girl, 12 years old, was written by herself on the request of her friend, the editor, and no one was permitted to make any suggestions to her as regards the punctuation, the choice or the spelling of words, the order of thought, or the forms of expression. She did not know what the experience was wanted for. The experience is given just as she wrote it.—*S.O.G.*]

I WAS born June 24 1875. I think my christian experience began when I joined the Presbyterian church in Fredonia New York.

I thought that I wanted to be good. So I tried but trying did not seem to do any good; I kept trying and breaking down and then making a new resolution and trying again. I asked Jesus to help me but I did not expect him to or look for his help. Sometimes I would give up and then I would think that I would try once more. So it went on.

I joined the church and yet was not sure that I was saved. I prayed Jesus to forgive my sins but I did not understand that I needed to be forgiven and saved.

It did not change while we staid in Fredonia which was about a year and a half.

We went to Leavenworth and it went on just the same. We were in Leavenworth four or five

months before we came down here. We arrived here the 15th of August. A Methodist preacher came here the first part of October (1886) whose name was Mr. Shiras. The week after Brother Shiras came here we had special meetings every evening and at the first meeting we had I saw my need of a Savior. That night as I lay in the bed thinking and praying I heard a voice as plain as I ever heard any one speak saying "Thy sins are forgiven thee." I think I must have felt a great deal happier than the people were in the olden times when Jesus healed them. After that I sometimes spoke crossly and impatiently and did some things that were not right. I thought at first that it could not be that I was saved but I was so sure that Jesus had forgiven me that I could not think that long, but I had to keep going to Jesus to be forgiven.

I heard Brother Shiras talk about the blessing of holiness and I wanted that for I did want to live so that I would not have to keep going to Jesus to be forgiven.

I did not want it at first enough to ask anyone how to get it. I waited till I could not wait any longer and then I asked Brother Shiras how to get it and he told me plainly so that I could understand. I went away trusting Jesus to so fill me with his love that I would not want to do anything wrong. Next morning when I woke I was full, heaped up

and brimming over with love and happiness. I knew that Jesus was in my heart and that he would keep watch and if any kind of evil should look in he would be sure to see it and tell me about it. I was so happy Oh so very happy. About two weeks after one morning the joy was gone but I trusted Jesus and three days after this the joy came back. The peace and love had not been gone at all.

I did not speak in the meetings and the last meeting we had I did not speak in and the morning after I felt all my peace and joy was gone and I asked Jesus to show me what was the matter and that morning the chapter read was the fourteenth of St Mark, and as Brother Shiras read those words all the joy and peace came back.

ETHEL PERKINS.

SIMONA, FLA., *June* 26, 1887.

VI.

BISHOP C. D. FOSS, LL.D.

(METHODIST.)

MY EXPERIENCE IN SICKNESS.

ON the first anniversary of an injury which seemed slight, but proved very serious, I feel moved to offer special thanksgiving to Him "in whose hand my breath is." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" I can at least swell the chorus of his praise by the addition of one unworthy note.

The first Sabbath in February, 1882, I spent in a prairie village, to which I had volunteered to go in the hope of being a peace-maker between the factions of a discordant church. After preaching on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, holding a love-feast, administering the Lord's Supper, and addressing the Sunday-school, while I was walking rapidly toward the place for the evening service, within fifty feet of the door a misstep gave my foot a fearful wrench and (as was not known until three months later) broke the smaller bone of the leg. After a few minutes of excruciating pain I managed to hobble into the hall, and, sitting in a chair, preached on personal religious experience—a sub-

ject on which I am better informed now than I was then.

On February 5 my health seemed perfect, as it had almost always been. For twenty-seven years no sickness had kept me in my bed a single day. Then came ten weeks of failing strength, alarming symptoms in my foot, the slow and painfully reluctant surrender of one after another of my Conferences and other appointments for work; then typhoid fever, seventy-five days in my room (including a month of oblivion); then the slow, O how slow! creeping back from the gates of the grave.

I had always preached a pretty high doctrine of providential and gracious help, of resignation and of joyful acquiescence in the will of God; too high, some of my friends thought. I was sometimes told that experience would very likely moderate my statements on these subjects. *Now* I *know* what I then believed. The teaching was true. I have been promoted into a higher class in the school of Christ, the sufferer's, and I have no fault to find with the great Teacher.

One of the delightful experiences of my sickness (not creditable to me as being a surprise) was that in every strait I always found Jesus on the spot ahead of me. I never had to wait for him nor look around for him. Such assurances as these kept chiming in my soul like silver bells: "Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall

hold me," "A very present help in trouble," "Before they call I will answer," "Lo, I am with you alway." At no time did I have to struggle for comfort of mind or for any thing else. Every thing was ready at my hand, more than I would have dared to ask. When I was slipping downward little by little toward the grave, sickness and death seemed to me the easiest and most natural things in the world; but when the outlook changed, and convalescence began, this life looked magnificent. I would not have changed places with Gabriel; to be able to lay hold of God's work again with both hands would make earth a heaven.

When, after long confinement, the fever smote me, and I thought it probable that the beginning of the end had come, I was taken "up into a mountain apart," and found my Tabor. A certain Wednesday was my diamond of days, and its splendor was followed by the serener glory of other days scarcely less memorable. I was filled and thrilled with an altogether indescribable sense of the absolute verity of the great Christian beliefs and of the magnificent privilege of having any place in the kingdom of God. It was superb to be, do, suffer any thing to please him. The dying words of Dr. Roberts, the well-known Baltimore local preacher, came often to my lips. When an anxious friend who feared that he would quickly exhaust his failing strength said to him, "Don't shout so; whisper

what you wish to say," he answered, "Let angels whisper; redeemed men must shout." Many a time the walls of my chamber echoed those words in no whispered tone. And yet my friends know that my religious experience, while sometimes highly emotional, is rarely demonstrative.

A month later, at another very critical stage of my illness, I was led most delightfully in a very different path. Again and again it occurred to me what a happy outcome of my sickness it would be if the Saviour should come into my room in visible form and instantly heal me. I knew if he should come and say, "What wilt thou?" my quick reply would be, "Lord make me perfectly whole and perfectly holy." I did not pray for such a miracle, nor wish it; but day after day in my quiet afternoon hours the inspiring thought kept coming, "How grand a testimony it would be if, in these skeptical times, I might go forth proclaiming that in a single moment the audible word of the visible Christ had perfectly cured me of a severe sprain a broken bone, typhoid fever, and prostrating weakness; and if my testimony should be so confirmed by that of physicians and friends as to be lifted above the possibility of scientific doubt!" At length, when this thought had grown so familiar that the realization of it would hardly have surprised me, there came in place of it a strong impression (like an audible voice, and yet there was no voice), sealing on my mind as

never before the words, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed. Blessed [I have always thought that means more blessed] are they that have not seen and yet have believed." The delicious fancy of a possible miracle gave place to the solid fact of the greater blessedness of that dispensation of providence and grace which can transform and glorify all suffering; and this was a wondrous sweetener of my long trial.

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

C. D. FOSS.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., *Feb.* 5, 1883.

VII.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.*

(CONGREGATIONAL.)

AT the summer school for Bible study, held at Mount Hermon, Moody addressed the boys' class and answered questions.

The subject of "Induement of Power" was before the class; the necessity of it for service was urged. Moody said, "No need to stop your work in order to wait for this induement of power, but do not be satisfied until you get it.

"Let it be the cry of your heart day and night. . . . Young men, you will get this blessing when you seek it above all else. There will be no trouble about knowing when you have got it.

"We should not have to wait long for this baptism of the Spirit if we did not have to come to the end of ourselves. This sometimes is a long road.

"If God were to indue us with power when we were full of conceit we should become vain as peacocks, and there would be no living near us." Mr. Moody then told his experience—a thing which he is not greatly given to do.

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* Taken from *The Christian*, London, England, August 26, 1886.

"This blessing came upon me," he said, "suddenly, like a flash of lightning. For months I had been hungering and thirsting for power in service. I had come to that point that I think I would have died if I had not got it. I remember I was walking the streets of New York. I had no more heart in the business I was about than if I had not belonged to this world at all. Right there, on the street, the power of God seemed to come upon me so wonderfully that I had to ask God to stay his hand. I was filled with a sense of God's goodness, and felt as though I could take the whole world to my heart. I took the old sermon that I had preached before without any power; it was the same old truth, but there was a new power. Many were impressed and converted. This happened years after I was converted myself.

"It was in the fall of 1871. I had been very anxious to have a large Sunday-school and a large congregation, but there were few conversions. I remember I used to take a pride in having the largest congregation in Chicago on a Sunday night. Two godly women used to come and hear me. One of them came to me one night after I had preached very satisfactorily, as I thought. I fancied she was going to congratulate me on my success; but she said, 'We are praying for you.' I wondered if I had made some blunder, that they talked in that way.

"Next Sunday night they were there again, evidently in prayer while I was preaching. One of them said, 'We are still praying for you.' I could not understand it, and said, 'Praying for me! Why don't you pray for the people? I am all right.' 'Ah' they said, 'you are not all right; you have not got power; there is something lacking, but God can qualify you.' I did not like it at first, but I got to thinking it over, and after a little time I began to feel a desire to have what they were praying for.

"They continued to pray for me, and the result was that at the end of three months God sent this blessing on me. I want to tell you this: I would not for the whole world go back to where I was before 1871. Since then I have never lost the assurance that I am walking in communion with God, and I have a joy in his service that sustains me and makes it easy work. I believe I was an older man then than I am now; I have been growing younger ever since. I used to be very tired when preaching three times a week; now I can preach five times a day and never get tired at all. I have done three times the work I did before, and it gets better and better every year. It is so easy to do a thing when love prompts you. It would be better, it seems to me, to go and break stone than to take to preaching in a professional spirit."

VIII.

PROF. T. C. UPHAM, D.D.*

(CONGREGATIONALIST.)

IN the spring of 1815, in connection with a remarkable revival which took place in Dartmouth College, I suppose that I experienced religion. About three years afterward I made a profession of religion in the Congregational Church. Accordingly, I have been a public professor of religion ever since that time. During the greater part of that long period I believe that I have striven earnestly for high religious attainments. For various reasons, however, and particularly the discouraging influence of the prevalent doctrine that personal sanctification cannot fully take place till death, I did not permanently attain the object of my desires. Sometimes, it is true, I advanced much, and then again was thrown back, living what may be called the common Christian life of sinning and repenting, of alternate walking with God and devotedness to the world. This method of living was highly unsatisfactory to me, as it has often been to others. It seemed exceedingly dangerous to risk my soul in

* From *Pioneer Experiences.*

eternity in such a state as this. In this state of mind I was led, early in the summer of 1839, by a series of special providences, which it is here unnecessary to detail, to examine the subject of personal holiness as a matter of personal realization. I examined the subject, as I thought, prayerfully, candidly, and faithfully—looking at the various objections as well as the multiplied evidences—and came, ultimately, to the undoubting conclusion that God required me to be holy, that he had made provision for it, and that it was both my duty and privilege to be so. The establishment of my belief in this great doctrine was followed by a number of pleasing and important results.

1. As soon as I had become established in the belief of present holiness I felt a great increase of obligation to be holy. Many secret excuses for sin, which had formerly paralyzed my efforts, now lost their power. The logic in the case was very simple. God requires me to be holy now, and as he can require nothing unreasonable I am under obligation to be holy now. I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left. I knew instinctively and most certainly that God did not and could not require impossibilities. I considered his command as involving an implied promise to help me to fulfill it. I felt, moreover, that every moment's delay was adding transgression to transgression, and was exceedingly offensive in the sight of God. Accordingly, within a

very few days after rejecting the common doctrine that sanctification is fully attainable only in the article of death, and receiving the doctrine of the possibility and duty of present holiness, I consecrated myself to God, body and spirit, deliberately, voluntarily, and forever. I had communicated my purpose to no human being. There was nothing said; nothing written. It was a simple volition; a calm and unchangeable resolution of mind; a purpose silently but irrevocably made, and such as any Christian is capable of making. But, simple as it was, I regard it as a crisis in my moral being which has, perhaps, affected my eternal destiny. I acknowledge that I took this important step in comparative darkness—that is to say, clouds were round about me, and I went by faith rather than by sight; but I had an unwavering confidence in God, that he would in his own time and way carry me through and give me the victory. This important decision was made in the summer of 1839, and about the middle of July. Two almost immediate and marked results followed this act of consecration. The one was an immediate removal of that sense of condemnation which had followed me for many years and had filled my mind with sorrow. The other result, which also almost immediately followed, was a great increased value and love of the Bible. It required no great effort of reasoning to perceive that, in doing the whole will of God, which had become the fixed

purpose of my life, I must take the Bible for my guide. As I opened and read its pages from day to day, its great truths disclosed themselves to my mind with an impressiveness and beauty unknown before. And this result, independently of the aid implied in the biblical promise that those who do the will of God shall understand his communication, was what might have naturally and reasonably been expected. Before this time, reading every where my own condemnation, I had insensibly but voluntarily closed my eyes to the doctrine of present holiness which shines forth so brightly and continually from the sacred pages. But now I found holiness every where, and I felt that I began to love it.

2. I now proceed to mention some other changes of mind which I soon passed through. In December of this year, 1839, I visited the city of New York on business which brought me into communication with certain persons who belonged to the Methodist denomination. I was providentially led to form an acquaintance with other pious Methodists, and was exceedingly happy in attending a number of meetings which had exclusive reference to the doctrine of holiness and to personal holy experience. In these meetings I took the liberty, although comparatively a stranger, to profess myself a believer in the doctrine of holiness and a seeker after it. And I found myself greatly encouraged and aided by the judicious remarks, the prayers and the sympathies

of a number of beloved Christian friends. As I now perceive, the great difficulty at this time in the way of my victorious progress was my ignorance of the important principle that sanctification, as well as justification, is by faith. By consecrating myself to God I had put myself into a favorable condition to exercise faith; but I had never understood and felt the imperative necessity of this exercise, namely of faith as a sanctifying instrumentality. My Methodist friends, to whom this view was familiar, gave me, in the spirit of Christian kindness, much instruction and assistance here, for which I desire to be grateful to them. I found that I must give up the system, already too long cherished, of walking by signs and manifestations and sensible experiences, and must commit every thing, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, into the hands of God. Realizing, accordingly, that I must have greater faith in God as the fulfiller of his promises and as the pledged and everlasting portion of those who put their trust in him, and aided by the kindness and supplications of Christian friends, I in some degree (and perhaps I may say in a very considerable degree) gained the victory. I shall ever recollect the time. It was early on Friday morning, the 27th of December. The evening previous had been spent in deeply interesting conversation and in prayer on the subject of holiness, and with particular reference to myself. Soon after I awoke in

the morning I found that my mind, without having experienced any very remarkable manifestations or ecstasies, had, nevertheless, undergone a great moral revolution. I was removed from the condition of a servant and adopted into that of a son. I believed and felt, in a sense which I had never experienced before, that my sins were all blotted out, were wholly forgiven, and that Christ was not only the Saviour of mankind in general, but my Christ, my Saviour in particular, and that God was my Father. As I have observed, I had no ecstasy, but great and abiding peace and consolation.

3. I mark here another step in the progress of this important contest. Under the influence of the feelings which I have just described I consecrated myself anew to God in a more specific and solemn manner. I now made a written record of my consecration, which I had not done before. But, while it seemed to me that I sincerely endeavored to give up all, I was unable as yet, in consequence, probably, of some lingering remains of unbelief, or because God in his wise sovereignty was pleased to try a little longer the faith which he had given me, to speak confidently of my sanctification. I would take the liberty to say here that I do not consider consecration and sanctification the same thing. Consecration is the incipient, the prerequisite act. It is the laying of ourselves upon the altar; but it is not till God has accepted the sacrifice, and wrought

upon us by the consuming and restoring work of the Holy Spirit, that we can be said to be sanctified. It is true that the one may immediately and almost simultaneously follow the other; and this will be the case where faith in God is perfect. But this was not the case with me. But I was now, however, by the grace of God, in a position where I had new strength, and could plead the promise with much greater confidence than formerly. God had given me great blessings, such as a new sense of forgiveness, increased love, a clear evidence of adoption and worship, closer and deeper communion with himself, but I felt there was something remaining to be experienced.

In this state of mind, not having fully attained the object of my expectations and wishes, but still greatly in advance of my former Christian experience, and with a fixed determination to persevere, I left the city of New York about the middle of January, 1840. Immediately after my arrival at my residence, in the State of Maine, I united with some Methodist brethren in establishing a meeting similar to those which had benefited me so much in New York, for the purpose of promoting personal godliness, and which was designed to be open to persons of all denominations of Christians. This meeting was very encouraging to me and to others. Nevertheless, I was not able for about two weeks to profess the personal experience and realization of

the great blessing of holiness as it seemed to be experienced and realized in others. The principal difficulty, as I daily examined my heart to see how the case stood between my soul and God, seemed to be a consciousness, while other evils were greatly or entirely removed, of the remains of selfishness. Indeed, at this particular time the selfish principle, or rather the principle of self-love, in its inordinate and unholy exercise, seemed to be stimulated to unwonted activity. The remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centered in one point and to be prosecuted in one aspect. I do not know that I was ever more troubled, during so short a space of time, with feelings of this nature. I do not mean to say that I was more selfish at this time than ever before; by no means. But the existence and horrible nature of this state of mind were more fully brought to view. I took this encouragement, however: that God was perhaps now showing me, as he often does when he is about to bless with entire holiness of heart, the very root of evil; and I was sincerely desirous to see it and to know it, that it might be slain in his presence. The good hand of the Lord was pleased to sustain my faith in this sharp contest. My continual prayer to God was that he would enable me to love him with all my heart. I knew not fully what the nature of perfect love was; but my prayer was that this love, whatever might be its nature and its inward mani-

festation, might in God's time and way be realized within me. And in the answer to this prayer, whenever it should be given, I confidently foresaw the termination of this internal conflict; for selfishness can never exist in union with perfect love.

On Sabbath evening, the 2d of February, I was greatly afflicted in mind; tossed to and fro as in a tempest; and it seemed to me that I could not easily stand where I was, but must either advance or retreat. But God's grace was sufficient. My faith remained unshaken, and on Monday morning I thought I could say with great calmness and assurance, "Thou hast given me the victory." I was never able before that time to say with sincerity and confidence that I loved my heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength. But, aided by divine grace, I have been enabled to use this language, which involves, as I understand it, the true idea of Christian perfection or holiness, both then and ever since. There was no intellectual excitement, no very marked joy, when I reached this great rock of practical salvation. The soul seemed to have gathered strength from the storm which it had passed through on the previous night, and, aided by a power from on high, it leaped forward, as it were by a bound, to the great and decisive mark. I was distinctly conscious when I reached it. The selfish exercises which had recently, and, as it were, by a concentrated and spasmodic

effort, troubled me so much, seemed to be at once removed; and I believed, and had reason to believe, that my heart, presumptuous as it may appear to some to say it, was now purified by the Holy Spirit and made right with God. I was thus, if I was not mistaken in my feeling, no longer an offering to the world, but sanctified unto the Lord; given to him to be his, and no longer my own; redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of "perfect love."

4. The enemy might now be said to be cast out of the interior of the castle. Nevertheless, he has never ceased his hostility. He has laid his snares and presented his temptations. It would be presumption to assert postively that I had never in any case, nor for any length of time, yielded to his power. But I can testify abundantly to the goodness of God's grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips.

I have continually what seems to me to be the witness of the Holy Spirit—that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's, which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort

of interior voice, which speaks silently but effectively to the soul and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language would be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed, I do not know but I must say with the apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced and have experienced at other times I cannot help saying with the apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble, a "faithful God." But these, and many other things which have called forth the deep gratitude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of my obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction toward the divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of interior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceived and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, toward which the Spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the Psalmist, "As the

hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upward and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the great cause of the separation between my soul and God that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know any thing I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind; that it is not and cannot be anywhere else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience, has more affected me than the prayer of the Saviour for his diciples "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly Father is glorified in me. Accordingly it is my earnest and constant prayer that my will may be wholly and forever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more except as the instrument of divine glory.

IX.

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.*

(METHODIST.)

I WAS born January 4, 1828. When just turned ten years of age I realized clearly and satisfactorily the converting grace of God. I shall never forget the 12th of February, 1838, the birthday of my eternal life. Connecting myself immediately with the church of my fathers I laid down a rule *always to attend my class-meeting.* To a rigid observance of this rule during my boyhood and youth I gratefully attribute the fact that I have always retained my place in the Church of God.

At the age of eighteen I took up the silver trumpet that had fallen from the hand of my faithful father, and began to preach, in my humble way, the everlasting Gospel. Quitting, about this time, one of the happiest of homes to enter the itinerant work, my excellent mother remarked, just upon the threshold of my departure, "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant

* From *Pioneer Experiences.*

of Jesus." It was a cursory suggestion, perhaps forgotten almost as soon as expressed; nevertheless, applied by the Divine Spirit, it made the profoundest impression upon my mind and heart.

My mother's passing but pointed remark followed me like a good angel as I moved to and fro in my first sphere of itinerant duty, namely, Attleborough Circuit, Philadephia Conference. Frequently I felt that I should yield myself to God and pray for the grace of entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, "It is not for me. I could not possibly scale that shining summit, and, if I might, my besetments and trials are such I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position."

While thus exercised in mind, Bishop Hamline, accompanied by his devoted and useful wife, came to Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, that he might dedicate a neat church which we had been erecting for the worship of God. Remaining about a week, he not only preached again and again, and always with the unction of the Holy One, but took occasion to converse with me pointedly respecting my religious experience. His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, divinely-illuminated face, apostolic labors, and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression on my

mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God; and certainly he was.

One week-day afternoon, after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity and do what we had often desired, resolved, and promised to do; namely, as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin. I said, "I will; with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will." Kneeling by myself I brought an entire consecration to the altar—that is, Christ.

But some one will say, "Had you not dedicated yourself to God at the time of your conversion?" I answer, "Yes; but with this difference; then I brought to the Lord Jesus powers dead in trespasses and sins; now I brought powers permeated with the new life of regeneration. I presented myself 'a living sacrifice.' Then I gave myself away; but now, with the increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent, specific and careful—it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my kindred, my worldly substance, my every thing. Then I was anxious respecting pardon; but now my desire and faith compassed something more; I wanted the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in my heart."

Carefully consecrating every thing, I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar (Christ) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer, peace—a broad, deep, full, satisfying, and sacred peace. This proceeded not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I had sanctified or set apart myself unto God.

The following day, finding Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, I ventured to tell them of my consecration and faith in Jesus, and in the confession realized increasing light and strength. A little while after it was proposed by Mrs. Hamline that we spend a little season in prayer. Prostrated before God, one and another prayed, and while thus engaged God for Christ's sake gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude, and confess,

> "Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
> With full salvation bless;
> Redemption through thy blood I have,
> And spotless love and peace."

The great work of sanctification that I had so often prayed and hoped for was wrought in me—

even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. O it was glorious, divinely glorious!

Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? O, what blessed rest in Jesus! what an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb! what a conscious union and constant communion with God! what increased power to do or suffer the will of my Father in heaven! what delight in the Master's service! what fear to grieve the infinitely holy Spirit! what love for, and desire to be with, the entirely sanctified! what joy in religious conversation! what confidence in prayer! what illumination in the perusal of the sacred word! what increased unction in the performance of public duties!

O, that I could conclude just here these allusions to personal experience with the simple *addendum* that my life to the present has answered to the description of "endless progression, steadied by endless peace!" Fidelity to truth, however, with a solicitude that others may profit by my errors, constrains me to add another page of personal testimony.

Have you never known a sky full of sunshine, the promise of a beautiful day, subsequently

obscured by lowering clouds? Have you never known a jewel of incalculable value to its owner lost through culpable carelessness? Alas! that so bright a morning in my spiritual history should not have shone more and more unto the perfect day; that I should under any circumstances have carelessly parted with this pearl of personal experience.

Eight weeks transpired—weeks of light, strength, love, and blessing. Conference came on. I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren. Forgetting how easily the infinitely holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour, and after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling realized that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labor I proceeded with consciously-diminished spiritual power.

Perhaps to satisfy my conscience I began to favor the arguments of those who insisted that sanctification as a work of the Holy Spirit could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration. O, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be "spiritually discerned," and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people nearer to God!

Meanwhile I had foolishly fallen into the habit of using tobacco—an indulgence which, besides the palatable gratification, seemed to minister both to

my nervous and my social nature. Years elapsed. When I would confront the obligation of entire consecration the sacrifice of my foolish habit would be presented as a test of obedience. I would consent. Light, strength, and blessing were the result. Afterward temptation would be presented. I would listen to suggestions like these, "This is one of the good things of God." "Your religion does not require a course of asceticism." "This indulgence is not specially forbidden on the New Testament page." "Some good people whom you know are addicted to this practice." Thus seeking to quiet an uneasy conscience I would drift back into the old habit again. After awhile I began to see that the indulgence at best was doubtful for me, and that I was giving my carnality rather than my Christian experience the benefit of the doubt. It could not really harm me to give it up, while to persist in the practice was costing me too much in my religious enjoyments.

I found that, after all my objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, there was, nevertheless, a conscious lack in my own religious experience. It was not strong, round, full, or abiding. I frequently asked myself, "What is that I need and desire in comparison with what I have and profess?" I looked at the three steps insisted upon by the friends of holiness; namely, 1. Entire consecration; 2. Acceptance of Jesus moment by

moment as a perfect Saviour; 3. A meek but definite confession of the grace received—and I said, "These are scriptural and reasonable duties." The remembrance of my experience in Newtown supplied an overwhelming confirmation of all this, and at the same time a powerful stimulus in the direction of duty.

"What then?" I said, "I will cast aside all preconceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and retrace my steps."

Alas! that I should have wandered from the light at all and afterward wasted so many years in vacillating between self and God. Can I ever forgive myself? O, what a bitter, bitter memory! The acknowledgment that I here make, constrained by candor and a concern for others, is among the greatest humiliations of my life. If I had the ear of those who have entered into the clearer light of Christian purity, I would beseech, entreat, supplicate, and charge them, with a brother's interest and earnestness, that they be warned by my folly. O! let such consent to die, if it were possible, a hundred deaths, before they willfully depart from the path of holiness; for if they retrace their steps there will still be the remembrance of original purity tarnished, and that will prove a drop of bitterness in the cup of their sweetest comfort.

Eternal praise to my long-suffering Lord! Nearly

ten years have elapsed since, as the pastor of Greene Street Church, in the city of Philadelphia, I again dedicated my all carefully and fully to God; the consecration, of course, including the doubtful indulgence. I said, "I will try and abstain for Christ's sake. I would do any thing for his sake; and certainly I can consent to this self-denial that Jesus may be glorified." Again I accepted Christ as my Saviour from all sin; realized the witness of the sanctifying Spirit; and since then I have been walking "in the light as God is in the light," have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

"As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him"—that is, as I understand, continually repeat those exercises or duties you performed when you accepted Christ as your all-sufficient Saviour. I received him in a spirit of entire consecration, implicit faith, and humble confession. The constant repetition of these three steps enables me to "walk in him." I cannot afford, even for a single moment, to remove my offering, to fail in looking unto Jesus, or to part with the spirit of confession.

Thus I have honestly unfolded some personal experiences in connection with the doctrine and grace of sanctification. The recital humbles me in the dust as it calls up the memory of years of vacil-

lating and unsatisfactory religious life; but it also fills me with the profoundest gratitude for that abounding mercy which not only bore with me, but brought me to see again my privilege in the Gospel, and now, for more than ten years, has been preserving me in the experience, and blessing me in the profession, of this great grace. Precious reader, I now offer you this testimony; but, remember, before it meets your eye it has been carefully placed upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and an earnest prayer offered that it may be blessed to your spiritual profit.

X.

REV. J. O. PECK, D. D.*

(METHODIST.)

I WAS converted in 1856, in Vermont, on a mountain, alone, amid a terrific-thunder storm, after only a few minutes' meditation upon the goodness of God.

Shortly afterward I felt clearly a call to the ministry. I went to Newbury Seminary, Vt., but for two years did not join the Church, as I was trying to shake off the duty of the ministry. But in 1858 God so signally revealed himself to me in gracious power at Lyndonville camp-meeting that I promised Him I would preach the Gospel. I returned to school, prepared a sermon at once, and determined to put the seal to my vow without delay. I told one of the professors my convictions and purposes, and he invited me to go with him to McIndoe's Falls the next Sabbath and preach. I did so, though I was not then a member of the Church, and had no license to preach but the inward call of the Holy Ghost. I forthwith, however, joined the Church in full, without probation, and was given a local preacher's license.

*Taken from *Divine Life* and submitted to Dr. Peck for revision.—ED.

In 1860, while in college at Amherst, Mass., I joined the New England Conference and supplied neighboring churches till I graduated, in 1862, and was appointed to Chelsea, Mass. I was pastor for the next ten years in Chelsea, Lowell, Worcester, and Springfield. While pastor in Springfield, in 1872, a memorable incident in my experience occurred. I had never, consciously, lost my zeal or devotion to the Gospel ministry, nor the evidence of my assured salvation in Jesus Christ. God never left me a single year without a gracious revival, in which many souls were given as the seals of my ministry. Never had my pastorate been more favored with the divine blessing than at Springfield; but in the summer of 1872 a deep heart-hunger that I had never known began to be realized. I hardly knew how to understand it. I had not lost spirituality, as far as I could judge of my condition. I longed for I scarcely knew what. I examined myself and prayed more earnestly, but the hunger of my soul grew more imperious. I was not plunged in darkness or conscious of condemnation; yet the inward cravings increased. The result of these weeks of heart-throes was a gradual sinking of self, a consuming of all selfish ambitions and purposes, and a consciousness of utter emptiness. Then arose an unutterable longing to be filled. I waited upon the Lord, but he delayed his coming.

No matter how or by whom, but I had been prej-

udiced against the National Camp-meeting Association. I avoided their meetings; but in the midst of my longings of soul their meeting at Round Lake in 1872 occurred. I had not thought of attending, but in the midst of the meeting a conviction was borne in upon me, as clear and unmistakable as my identity, that if I would go to that meeting and confess how I was hungering after more of salvation I would be filled. To my surprise, and as a proof that my sincerity was genuine, I found no prejudice rising up, but a longing to go. I conferred not with flesh and blood, got excused from officiating at an important wedding, and started the next day.

I arrived near evening, and as I had but that night and the next day before returning to my pulpit I resolved to waste no time. At once I told the leaders of the meeting my purpose and errand. I seemed to be near to Peniel, and my soul was impatient. After a sermon (by whom I forget, for men were eclipsed in my yearning to see "Jesus only,") I asked the privilege of saying a few words. Many old friends were present, but I felt no hesitation, so fully was I possessed by the desire to know "the length, breadth, depth and height" of the love of God. I frankly told my errand there, and sought the prayers of all. I told them I wanted "the fullness" that night, and felt it was the Divine will to give it that hour. I then descended to the altar and knelt with others before the Lord. I

knew what I came for, believed it the will of God to bestow it, and cast myself fully upon the promises of God. By simple trust I was enabled to take Christ as my sufficiency to fill and satisfy my hungry soul. The instant I thus received Christ as my "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption," the stillness and emotionlessness of absolute quiet permeated my entire being. I came near being deceived, for I had anticipated being filled with boundless ecstasy and joy. My enthusiastic and highly emotional temperament foretokened this, and I had already discounted such rapture. The tempter was by my side instantly, and suggested seductively, "All feeling has left you, the Spirit is withdrawn, and you are doomed to disappointment." But quick as thought came my reply, "With or without feeling, I here and now take Christ as my all and in all!" I knew that moment he was my complete Saviour! At once the most delicious experience was mine that I can conceive! No joy, no rapture; but something sweeter, deeper than any thing before known—"the peace of God that passeth all understanding!" It settled in upon me deeper and deeper, sweeter and sweeter, till I seemed "filled with all the fullness of God." I was ineffably satisfied. I could not shout or speak. Words would have been mockery of that peace I felt,

"That silent awe that dares not move."

I continued in speechless wonder until the meet-

ing closed, and was wrapped in adoration. The Spirit sealed these words on my heart, which have been ever since the sweetest verse in the Bible to me: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." My soul knew that peace, and was subdued and filled with it. I continued through the night in that silent bliss; but the next morning at the stand I confessed the gracious work that Christ had wrought. As I testified my soul caught fire and my words burned with love, and yet peace was the supreme consciousness. I returned home that day and, at the first opportunity declared to my own flock the fullness of Christ that had been bestowed.

And this experience I have never lost—not always equally clear and conspicuous, but ever a sacred deposition in my heart. Certain results have followed this experience or attended it in my ministry:

1. My soul has been one with God. I have not had an ambition or plan or purpose that was not formed in the desire to glorify God. Not perfect, nor faultless, nor mistakenless, nor errorless, yet the whole purpose of my life has been to please him.

2. I have had a greater love for my work. I always loved it intensely, but it has seemed to possess me. The salvation of dying men has been a passion. I love the work with glowing affection.

3. Greater results have followed my ministry. More souls have been converted each year—two or

three times more. I have had power unknown before to persuade sinners to come to Christ.

4. My intellectual work was at once vastly stimulated. I have studied twice as much each year. My thought has been clearer and my love for patient thinking more ardent.

5. Perfect love has reigned in my soul. I have not slept a night since that camp-meeting with a bitter or vindictive or unchristian feeling toward a human being. It is easy to love men. I have experienced my share of occasions for the exhibition of unsanctified human nature, but it does not spring up. I judge it is not there.

6. I have had an aversion to argument or controversy on the subject of Christian perfection. I dare not speculate. I dare not mix my little human philosophy with the great divine truth and the divine experience. This instinctive shrinking from polemic or speculative methods of treating this subject has, perhaps, made me misunderstood by reason of my silence. Any movement which has seemed to isolate or differentiate holiness from the traditional teachings of Christianity has not commanded my convictions. I do not condemn others, but obey my own convictions.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord" for this experience which has doubled my joys, and, if I may judge, doubled the effectiveness of my imperfect ministry.

J. O. PECK.

XI.

PHŒBE PALMER.

(METHODIST.)

PHŒBE PALMER was born in New York city, December 18, 1807. She gave herself to the Saviour in childhood. She always had great conscientiousness, profound admiration of goodness, a longing for a higher life, and a wish to honor Christ that tempted her to envy the martyr's crown. After a great struggle in 1837 she experienced "perfect love." The following extracts from her diary, as found in her *Life and Letters*, will faintly reveal the struggles and growth of her Christian character:

November 24, 1827.—O, what a lack in my religious experience! I am so often fearful and unbelieving. I shrink from crosses and often bring condemnation upon my soul. I approve of the things that are excellent, but am wanting in courage, faith, and fervor. If the flames that consumed the martyrs were before me, and the command given that I should pass through them, it seems to me that I would at once leap through the fire, and yet, strange to say, my timid nature too often shrinks when duty

is presented. Too painfully do I know the meaning of the poet:

> "'Tis worse than death my God to love,
> And not my God alone."

April 28, 1832.—I am getting along feebly in the divine life, not so much lacking in good purposes as in carrying out my ever earnest resolve.

I ought to be more openly active.

I lack faith and courage.

August 8, 1835.—The Lord has given me a longing desire for purity. I am sure I would not knowingly keep back any thing from God. But alas! there must be some hinderance.

July 27, 1837.—I never made much progress in the career of faith until I most solemnly resolved, in the strength of the Lord Jehovah, that I would do every duty, though I might die in the effort. From that hour my course was onward. Between the hours of eight and nine o'clock yesterday I was led by the Spirit to the determination that I would never rest, day nor night, until I knew that the spring of every motive was pure and that the consecration I made of myself was wholly accepted.

That the covenant might be well ordered and sure I thought "let me particularize taking every step, so that not one may ever have to be retraced." The first object presented to be given up was one with which every fiber of my being seemed interwoven. With amazement I asked, can it be that the

Lord requires that this one beloved object, dearer to me than life itself, be bound to the altar? What shall I have to live for if I give up this object? The Holy Spirit suggested, "Have you not often said to the Lord, your Redeemer, 'I take thee as my only portion!' Now, God is taking you at your word."

"What a sacrifice," said the tempter. "Did you ever hear of such a sacrifice being required at the hand of any one?"

Here the tender, loving Spirit interposed. "Did Abraham know why he was called to give up Isaac at the time he gave him up? But he knows now. And are you willing to wait till you get to heaven in order to know why the Lord demands this sacrifice at your hand?" My soul replied, "Yes! Lord, I will wait till knowledge is made perfect. Take this object if thou dost require. Take life or friends away. I am wholly thine! There is not a tie that binds me to earth. Every tie has been severed."

"Perhaps there is something that you do not know of, not yet given up," whispered the tempter.

"What will not a man give for his life? and I have given up that which is dearer to me than life. I make no provision for future emergencies, resolved hereafter, as God shall reveal his will, to say, 'Behold thy willing servant!'"

Arriving at this point the enemy had no further ground for questioning, relative to the consecration,

whether it was entire, absolute and unconditional. From the depths of my being I felt that the consecration was absolute and universal and in view of all coming time. But at this point I was for a moment perplexed with the question—

"How do you know that God will receive you?" And here I paused and pondered, "How may I know that the Lord does receive me?" To this, in gentle whispers, the Spirit replied, "It is written, I will receive you." "Must I believe it because it simply stands written, without any other evidence than the word of God?" I exclaimed.

In answer to these questionings the ever-blessed Spirit (given to guide us into all truth) suggested, "Suppose you should hear a voice speaking in tones of thunder from heaven, saying, 'I will receive you,' would you not believe it then?" I could not help believing it then, because I should have the "evidence of my senses," was my reply.

In a moment I saw the inconsistency of my position, remembering that I was taught by the Scripture most plainly, and had always known that the blessing of entire sanctification was received by faith, inasmuch as it stands written, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."

"But," said the adversary, "suppose after you have believed you don't feel any different, what will you do?" Here the blessed word again met me, tniensifying the truth, "The just shall live by faith."

I now saw what faith was in all its simplicity. Such perceptions of the divinity of the word I never before had. So true is it that, "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

I had thought of the doctrine of faith as difficult. Now I saw that it was only to believe heartily what in fact I had always professed to believe—that is, that the Bible is the word of God just as truly as though I could hear him speaking in tones of thunder from Sinai's Mount, and faith is to believe it!

Still the enemy withstood me with the suggestion, "Suppose you should be called to live a long life, till you are threescore or a hundred years old, and never have any of those manifestations that others enjoy—never have any thing but the naked word of God upon which to rely—and should die and come up before your Judge without ever having had any thing but the naked word to assure your faith?"

My reply was, I would come up before my Judge and in the face of an assembled universe say, "The foundation of my faith was thy immutable word." The moment I came to this point the Holy Spirit most assuringly whispered, "This is just the way in which Abraham, the father of the faithful, walked." "By faith he journeyed, not knowing whither he went."

There is joy in faith. "Can it be that the Lord of the way is going to honor me thus, as to permit

me all along through life to tread in the foot-prints of the father of the faithful?"—was the language of my heart.

It was at this point that the covenant was consummated between God and my soul that I would live a life of faith; that however diversified life's current might roll—though I might be called to endure more complicated and long-continued trials of my faith than were ever before conceived of, or even brought to a climax, where, as with the father of the faithful, commands and promises might seem to conflict—I would still believe, though I might die in the effort. I would hold on in the death struggle.

In the strength of Omnipotence I laid hold on the word, "I will receive you!"

Faith apprehended the written word not as a dead letter, but as the living voice of the living God. "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The holy Scriptures were intensified to my mind as the lively or living oracles—the voice of God to me as truly as though I could every moment hear him speaking in tones of thunder from Sinai. And now that, through the inworkings of the Holy Spirit, I had presented all my redeemed powers to God, through Christ, how could I doubt his immutable word, "I will receive you?"

O, with what light, clearness and power, were the words invested, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth!"

Yet, though I knew that it could not be otherwise than that God did receive me, my faith was at once put to the test. I had expected that some wonderful manifestation would at once follow as the reward of my faith. But I was shut up to faith—naked faith in a naked promise.

The next step, faith, in regard to divine acceptance of all, had also been distinctly taken. And now, as I plainly saw the third step clearly defined in the word, I took the advanced ground—confession.

Giving God the glory due to his name, I exclaimed, "Through thy grace alone I have been enabled to give myself wholly and forever to thee. Thou hast given thy word, assuring me that thou dost receive. I believe that word! Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth unrivaled in my heart. Glory be to the Father! Glory be to the Son! Glory be to the Holy Spirit forever!" O, into what a region of light, glory and purity, was my soul at this moment ushered! I felt that I was but as a drop in the ocean of infinite love, and Christ was all in all.

If any one had asked me previous to this, "Are any of the graces of the Spirit perfected in you?" I might have said, "I am, indeed, greatly deficient in all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit; but if one grace is nearer perfected than another it is the grace of humility." But never before did I know the meaning of the word humility. How the

realization was intensified to my mind, "Not by works of righteousness that we have done!" I saw that I was not sufficient of myself to think a good thought, much less to perform a righteous action. I felt that I could not save myself even for one moment, and from the depths my soul cried out,

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death."

September 9, 1837.—After retiring last evening, being much fatigued in body, my sleep was very confused, and though my confidence was not in the least shaken, yet that near communion and distinctness of perception of the persons of the Trinity which had made any approaches through faith to the throne so effectual and soul-transforming was hindered. I felt the fullest assurance that it was the tempter. I arose and pleaded with the Lord, and though the cloud was not then removed, yet such was the assurance I felt that it was the buffetings of Satan for a short season that I almost rejoiced in expectation of the glory that would subsequently be revealed. I retired, but soon awoke in a most triumphant frame of mind.

November 20, 1837.—I have felt for some time past most intense desires after conformity to God. The breathings have not been unavailing. I would thankfully acknowledge that an increase of spiritual life has been the result, but I feel that I do not indulge sufficiently in the spirit of praise.

June 20, 1841.—For some months past I have been called to pass through scenes of unusual trial, ordeals of spiritual and mental conflict. Though deeply conscious of many shortcomings, grace has sustained.

1843.—I find it somewhat crossing to the flesh to abstain, (as it is my custom on Friday,) to-day, a little more than usual, as it excites some observation which could not well be avoided, an excellent dinner being prepared for us. My health will not permit my fasting, as a general thing, wholly, but I find it well to observe the day in frequent acts of self-denial. Paul says, "I keep my body under." I find it helpful to my spiritual health to do likewise. To-day I had reason to be thankful that I did so.

August 21, 1845.—Though not always fully able from sensible assurance to pronounce an onward course, yet, as Brother Hamline has said, "When the mists have cleared away we have found, though driven about, that our heavenly Pilot has carried us safely and surely onward."

January 19, 1847.—Temptations complicated and diverse abound. O, God! my heavenly Father, grant that in all I may be more than conqueror.

November 27, 1853.—Returned home last night ill. Unmistakable symptoms indicated several days' indisposition. I asked the Lord that he would restore me and cause me to rise with comfortable

health in the morning, unless it would be more to his glory that I should be ill. I felt that the Lord heard me and knew that the answer would be such as would glorify him. This morning, at the command of Him who spake and diseases obeyed his word, I arose in comfortable health.

January 1, 1856.—I feel that my union with God is inward, vital, and real. Most consciously do I realize that all my interests are identified with the interests of Christ's kingdom. If this should be my last testimony I would wish to say before God, angels, and men, that from my own heart experiences I know that God can, through the power of the Holy Spirit, so subdue the heart as to bring the whole soul into a joyous obedience to Christ.

February 25, 1857.—Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I believe I can say that I have never given way to discouragements during the past twenty years.

October 13, 1872.—The human and the divine are so closely identified that continual watchfulness is necessary or we may at unawares walk after our own spirit instead of the Spirit of God.

June 13, 1872.—O, yes! this body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. Whence this absence of all desire to live for self? Whence these ceaseless inworkings to work, live, think and speak for God? Whence this absorbing, controlling love for God and his cause? Conscious, deeply conscious, that I

have received the sentence of death in myself, whence this realization of reliance, momentary reliance, on him that raiseth the dead?

October 5, 1873.—I am daily apprehending more fully not only that salvation is by faith, but that salvation in all its degrees is the result of a momentary act.

She died, in the joys and triumphs of salvation, November 2, 1874.

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